

## ARTHUR'S

# Home Magazine.

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### Out of Nothing.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"'Out of nothing!' Absurd! How can Emily Page say anything so ridiculous. I'm sure Milton McGowen, who is acquainted with Owen's employer, ought to know, and I remember his saying the night we were at Glover's, that Owen Fiske had the assistance of his own and his wife's relatives. 'Out of nothing!' How very absurd!"

"My dear," said gentle Mrs. Mayer, as she looked up complacently from her needlework, "perhaps Mr. McGowen spoke disparagingly of Owen Fiske. You know they were rather distant at one time; Mr. McGowen was positively outspoken in his hatred of Mr. Fiske, you may remember."

"And it is precisely on that account, Maria, that Mr. McGowen should hold his tongue when Fiske is the subject of conversation," added her brother, Mr. Robert Mayer, a handsome gentleman of eight-and-twenty, who had succeeded in winning the respect and esteem of a very large circle of acquaintance, and whose judgment was sought and accepted by old and young. "A moment's thought would convince him that his opinion of a man whom he professed to regard as an enemy could not be admitted as impartial; on the contrary, everybody would naturally incline to the belief that, however he might endeavor to guard against it, his judgment of Fiske would be more

or less prejudicial. When a man quarrels with another, he should say nothing whatever about the man he has quarrelled with."

"Oh, that matter has been forgotten entirely. I doubt if McGowen ever gives it a thought," responded Miss Mayer, in crisp tones; "besides, unless the world is very much mistaken, Mr. McGowen lost nothing when Mary Renofen accepted his rival."

"You are now speaking from a worldly stand-point," said Miss Crayton, a cousin of the Mayers, who resided with them, not because she lacked means of her own, but because Mrs. Mayer desired her presence and assistance in matters totally foreign to her daughter's tastes and inclinations. Miss Mayer, strictly speaking, was a girl of more than ordinary ability, naturally acute in her perceptions, actuated by honest feelings; but too much given to the study of fashion plates, and often relying upon the eye-sight and conclusions of those who, for the time, occupied the first place on her list of friends. She was often heard saying, "I was wrong in that; I ought to have relied on my own judgment; but I acted solely upon the expressed convictions of others." Yet she never detected herself until it was too late to withdraw from a false position; the consequence was, that people who should have known better said of her, "Maria Mayer is uneven, fickle."

No! But once committed, she had the genuine bravery to assume a share of blame properly attaching to herself, while defending those whose false light often led her astray in her appreciation of people and actions.

"Perhaps," responded Miss Mayer, as she

approached the mantel-piece and placing her hand upon it rested her head there a moment. She continued the next moment, "But the world must be pretty near right, after all, Clara; the majority, in this country at least, never admit themselves in the wrong, and accordingly exact implicit obedience from the minority. 'What every one says must be true,' generally speaking, and that is just why I am put out with people asserting that to be so which we are told by others—the majority of witnesses, you understand—is simply untrue."

"Come, come now, Maria, don't be so severe on me!" broke in Mr. Robert Mayer, with a laugh. "Give me a hearing at least, before you sentence me. I appeal to you, mother, and to you, Seaforth, and to you, cousin," glancing towards Miss Crayton, who smiled back gayly, "if Maria has advanced a tittle of proof in support of her charge. Not a jot! I said Owen Fiske made himself what he is out of nothing; that is, he had neither position, friends, or money, and he made for himself a very enviable position out of nothing. Now, I happen to know quite as much of Owen Fiske's history as any of his present acquaintances can pretend to know, not excepting Mr. McGowan, and I reiterate my former assertion: there's the gauntlet, Maria, get whom you will to play the chevalier. I fancy it won't be Seaforth, there, or I'm vastly mistaken."

Mr. Seaforth gallantly inclined his elegant head to Miss Mayer, as he replied, half defiantly, "What must I do if I buckle on the armor for you?"

"Wage war against all pretenders," rejoined the lady, quickly.

"First catch your rat; who may the great pretender be?" laughingly inquired her brother. "Surely not Owen?"

"I may wrong him; but I mean Owen Fiske and no one else," rejoined the sister.

"Well," said Mr. Seaforth in his musical voice, "I have heard so much about Mr. Fiske, that I confess to more than a common interest in his history. I would like to hear it, by all means; but," waiving aside Mr. Mayer, playfully, "not from you, if you please. I must be sure that it is wholly impartial; therefore, I suggest that Mrs. Mayer gives us the benefit of her memory; without a doubt she will be faithful to the truth."

"Oh, my mother is a thousand degrees removed from either partiality or prejudice," exclaimed Mr. Mayer, gleefully, "I accept the terms."

"Very well," said Mrs. Mayer, as the party

unconsciously drew closer together, "the facts will be very plain, and easily told. Owen was born and bred here in A——. His people were what you might term poor; certainly they were not blessed with a surplus of this world's goods; they even were not *middling* well off, and yet they were all industrious, hard working people, whose ideas of life differed very materially from those entertained by Maria, there, and some of her companions. The Fiskes, for instance, had no acquaintance with the arts, except the art of sustaining an honest reputation (in which, by the by, they excelled); no knowledge of the many accomplishments which society demands of a member, unless he or she happens to be endowed with an overplus of the filthy lucre, in which case we must admit even the most fastidious at times lower their standard of merit; and no acquaintance with the rules we permit ourselves to be governed by in speaking of etiquette. On the contrary, poor Owen, the youngest, had so little reverence for the laws of refinement, that, when excited by a circumstance regarded as trivial by another, but which galled him to the quick, he, a spirited boy of fourteen, turned full upon a girl about his own age with the words, 'you are a little liar, and I detest you.'"

"He should have said that he had sufficient grounds to believe, until proof was adduced to the contrary, that the damsel labored under a mistake," interrupted Mr. Mayer, with a mischievous smile.

Mrs. Mayer pursued: "Owen was set to work at the age of eleven, a common place boy, with an inclination to make and retain friends. Old Mr. Fiske was a strict disciplinarian. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' was his favorite quotation, so you may be sure his children stood in awe of the parent's majesty, for his will was inflexible. He tried to inculcate correct ideas of religion, too; but having imbibed the austere views of a peculiar religious sect from the very cradle, it somehow came to pass that he failed to secure the hearty belief, the genuine faith of his children in his own exacting creed. Some of them, upon arriving at their majority, resolutely refused to accompany their father to church, and two of the sons fell into bad ways; they caroused, idled about, and lived off the rest of the family. The father, patiently hoping for signs of improvement, while reasoning and expostulating with them upon the evil they were bringing upon themselves and the remainder of the family, always took good care to welcome them

to a home as long as he had power to exert his strength in his own and their behalf; and this, perhaps, was Mr. Fiske's greatest fault, or rather error, for the vagabonds in time reduced the family to the very verge of nakedness and want. Owen, at the age of eighteen, although performing daily a man's work, reaped a child's reward. I think he never had so much as a dollar he could call his own, owing to the 'joint stock' arrangement which prevailed in the family, under the dictation of the head of the house, who would not be thwarted in his method of reclaiming the sons who had adopted idleness as a profession.

"When Owen was turning his nineteenth year, a deep disgrace was averted from the family through his sagacity and self-denying spirit. Agustus, the second son, in a drunken frolic appropriated a fine gold watch belonging to an energetic mechanic who boarded in a house adjacent to that occupied by the Fiskes. Suspicion fell on him at once, and he promptly admitted that he had worn the watch during the morning of the day upon which the watch was missed; but farther than that he refused any explanation. It came out, however, that he lost the watch in the river by the merest accident; it was gone beyond recovery, and for the first time a Fiske was liable for the punishment which follows theft. Here it was that young Owen, whether induced by his father or not no one can say, came forward with a suggestion. Taking it for granted that his brother had only been detected in a practical joke, but one which, while placing him in the power of the law, occasioned the loss of a hundred dollars to an innocent stranger, Owen proceeded to offer as much of his time to that stranger as would make up for the loss sustained, or, bind himself to pay, in small payments, the total amount as rapidly as he could earn it. The stranger accepted his first offer, and Owen gave six months of his life for his brother's frolic. That was something I always admired in Owen. And a happy thought it was, for not only did the culprit take heart and resume his work and his old habits, but the other idler and drunkard, stimulated by Agustus's example, also gave up his idle ways, and once more the Fiskes were enabled to live with a degree of comfort reminding them of their happiest days.

"But the terrible scourge came amongst us—every house mourned its lost, and when people found time to reckon those who were spared, just three of the Fiskes were left, Owen and his parents. All the rest, seven, died in

one week. Old Mrs. Fiske was simple-minded, and old Mr. Fiske was totally unfitted for farther strife with the great world. Nobody then saw anything in Owen. He seemed to be the same patient, harmless, steady boy as of old. But ere a year elapsed, it became a standing joke that Owen was 'reading' law. Working all day at his trade, and very often on into the night, ever pushed on by the terrible truth that now he alone must support his parents, still the young man found time to read his books at night. Some he borrowed, some—they were old and torn—he bought for the merest trifle, and stinting himself of clothes, dreaming of the future, he plodded on, year in and year out, until he was twenty-three. But during those years a marvellous change came over Owen Fiske. He became grave and thoughtful, scarcely stopping to nod to young men of his own age, but always ready and eager to listen to the middle-aged and old, and ever prompt with his head and hand to assist those who were entering the evening of life. Scrupulously clean, yet always poorly clad, he was universally remarked, but now seldom laughed at; for with his close reading and hard thinking came intelligence, and intelligence is never laughed at. His face, his head, his very attitude expressed thought, and impressed the beholder. I remember laughing very heartily at a tinner, T— B—, who, in speaking of Owen, and the great change which had come over him, avowed that he 'had seen plenty of congressmen, but Owen Fiske had the *congruent* head he ever saw in his life.'

"I don't know whether I am correct or not, but think I am not far astray, when I say that Owen Fiske's life will compare very favorably with that great Governor's life, whose name is a household word, and a terror to the Rebels—I mean Governor Andrew Johnston, of Tennessee. Governor Johnston had a wife to teach him—Owen taught himself. And one day we were all surprised—agreeably, I may add—for Owen has a host of friends, and but few enemies. I say we were surprised by Mr. Ash, the foremost lawyer in the city, who went to the young student, ordered him to throw down his apron and enter his office. Something the young man had written in reply to a common assertion made by the papers of that day concerning a much-vexed question commanded Mr. Ash's instant admiration, and straightway the threadbare mechanic assumed the robes supposed to be worn by the law-givers and law-exponents of the land.

"I am aware that this sounds almost too

romantic to be exactly true, yet I suppose that is exactly why I delight to dwell upon this part of Owen's history; such things are so very rare. That a young man in one little month should step out of the monotonous groove daily walked in by hard-handed mechanics, and into a profession usually supposed to require not only a fair share of brains, but brains well cultivated—it took our breath quite away, I can tell you. You see there always are so many idlers just ready to begin their 'practice' at the bar, or over the sick bed; so many well-cared-for, well-dressed, well-praised young men, too, that we were all quite excusable in declaring ourselves surprised, if not shocked, when the story was noised about, for no less a personage than Harry Howard, old Judge Howard's son, worth his two hundred thousand, they said, and college-bred, was thrust aside contemptuously by Mr. Ash, when he took Owen Fiske into his office to assist him. So he said to those who expressed unqualified surprise.

"Then came Owen's great trial. Mr. Ash's friend received numerous invitations to dine out and sup out. All sorts of invitations, in short; and Mr. Fiske as a matter of course, accepted some invitations. Then the gentlemen 'drew him out' over their cards and champagne; and the ladies, the sweet butterflies of fashion, 'drew him out.' But, my dears, they all scampered away from him soon enough. Intelligence *won't* be laughed at, as I said awhile ago, and Owen Fiske possessed not only extraordinary intelligence for one of his years, but a very respectable, I might add, a towering stock of information. He seemed to know everything. And where he knew nothing, he honestly acknowledged his ignorance, and immediately sought information. But he could talk with Dr. M——, who spent five years in the Holy Land; exchanged views with Miss E——, who is a great authority in astronomy; argued ably with Professor G——, and at once took his place as one of the most desirable conversationalists in A——. All this, as I understood from him later, was acquired in reading. He confessed that he had literally 'devoured' everything in the shape of books that came in his way.

"We have a genius here, in the musical world, Mr. Seaforth; doubtless you have heard of her—Miss Renofen that was—now Mrs. Fiske. Mary Renofen was an acknowledged beauty—quite the toast; and along comes the rising lawyer, and wins her—how, I cannot take time to tell you; but fairly, and honorably,

and openly. No one can gainsay that. Mary Renofen had her hosts of avowed lovers, as other beauties have had before her; but the most prominent, perhaps, was Mr. McGowan, our young man with great expectations, and present enviable possessions. Rumor arranged everything. They were to be married—well, I have forgotten the exact date; but, once married, a tour through Europe and a palace somewhere in the West, was spoken of. And rumor never angered the young man with great expectations. He never denied or assented; but he had a self-satisfied smile, that led gossips irresistibly to but one conclusion. Then Owen Fiske came on the field, and although Mr. Renofen was held to be a great stickler for position, and testified by word and deed his reverence for 'blood' and 'old names,' somehow, a few—they say, a *very* few words from Lawyer Ash, made him extend his *whole* hand to the young lawyer, forgetting how often that young lawyer had obeyed his orders when he wore the apron and measured the heads of those who honored him with their preference.

"It was a desperate—a protracted contest. In the end, however, Mr. McGowan, the last of her avowed admirers, was compelled to retire in dismay, and Mary Renofen became Mrs. Fiske, and all in one short year. Mr. Ash, it seems, had not only allowed Mr. Fiske a liberal salary, but, not satisfied with that, had made him his partner. His affection for the young man is something entirely out of the common course of things. There is the 'veritable' history, Mr. Seaforth. The subject lives in that fine brick you passed on your way here, with the orange-tree in one of the windows, and the handsome garden in the rear and around the lower side of the house. When Maria spoke of Mr. Fiske's employer, Mr. Ash was understood. I incline to the belief that he is more of the father and friend, and most assuredly in the eyes of the world, his partner."

"How old is this prodigy?" inquired Mr. Seaforth, earnestly, when Mrs. Mayer concluded, forgetting for the time his part.

"Fie, fie, sir! Do you desert me, too?" pouted Miss Mayer, as she fixed her lustrous eyes upon him.

"I humbly beg your pardon. I am recreant; but I am very much interested at the same time. I am wondering what sort of a fellow he is who distances Howard; McGowan I know nothing about. He must be enviable. Do you know, Mrs. Mayer, Harry Howard



stood at the head of his class in Harvard?—the finest fellow I ever knew.”

Mrs. Mayer smiled. “We have a finer fellow here, I think.”

“So it appears. I must see this Fiske.”

“You can hear him in a few days. He is retained by a Bridge Company here, a very peculiar case, and one everybody regards as hopeless on the Company’s side. The Company were notified to raise the bridge. They refused flatly, arguing that it in nowise interfered with the navigation of the river. An injunction was served against them. They still refused to obey the order, and the double question comes up in a day or two before the U. S. Court. Of course you will be on hand, to hear Fiske.”

“And you can make his acquaintance to-morrow night, at Page’s. Emily Page is a warm friend of Mrs. Fiske’s,” added Mrs. Mayer.

“By the by,” said Mr. Seaforth, abruptly, “what is young Page about?”

No one answered the question. Mrs. Mayer was intent upon her work; Maria sat down to the piano, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys, humming a tune, while Miss Crayton took up a book, and Robert Mayer shrugged his shoulders unconsciously. Mr. Seaforth suddenly bethought himself of a new song, and approached the piano, complimenting Miss Mayer’s execution of a gem from “Il Trovatore;” but no allusion was made that evening again to young Mr. Page.

“You inquired what young Page was doing, last night,” said Mr. Mayer to his guest on the following day. “Drinking whisky, and going to the devil.”

Mr. Seaforth halted in his promenade, and looking out upon the lawn, said, more to himself than in reply to Mr. Mayer—“Another good ship wrecked.” Then, after a long pause—“No wonder no one found courage to answer me last night. Oh! the incarnate mischief we hug to ourselves night, noon and morning! My old friend Frank, the life of his set, the promise of his class, the soul of honor, the hope and mainstay of his mother—Frank the witty, the gay, dashing, free hearted wrecked, too?—why, it is scarcely two years since he was the pride of A——!”

“Nevertheless,” responded Mr. Mayer, gloomily, “he is almost past redemption now. I say, Seaforth,” abruptly, “don’t you think Page might have been saved, had he been placed, say in Fiske’s situation? Here

he came among us full of promise, fresh from the venerated halls, buoyant with life and hope, just hesitating which profession should receive the honor of his acceptance, dallies one year, and is rejected by decent society the next. Pampered in wealth, possessing a proud name, perfectly confident that he was born to a high position—see what his opportunities brought him! We are all a little the better of hard work.”

“Yes,” replied his companion, musingly, “I have often thought the same thing. And so you say poor Frank is past redemption?”

“He has had the delirium tremens several times. In fact, you would regret meeting him. You see, there are some cases that in spite of ourselves, we feel to be hopeless.”

“Here, my cavaliers, do you forget that you promised to accompany me this morning?” broke in the merry voice of Miss Crayton as she stepped out upon the veranda. “You gentlemen must stray off to discuss the war. Now I’ll be bound one of you finds fault with, while the other supports the President.”

“Pray, where may we find you?” inquired Mr. Seaforth.

“I, O I am at present bent on testifying my approval of the great proclamation. You know actions speak louder than words. Come with me, you idlers, and help me supply the wants of those contrabands who came in last night. Mrs. Mayer has everything ready; we merely act as almoners.”

The gentlemen gallantly bowed instant attendance.

#### CHAPTER II.

The hot sun had baked the clay on the upper end of the levee as hard as a tile; the boxes, barrels and bales of miscellaneous goods were as hot to the touch as the sunburnt clay. Not a shelter in view, not even so much as the wing of a fly; and the sunbeams flung back from the river made the walk between the labyrinth of barrels and boxes stretching far away on the right, and the very edge of the river, a penance to the veteran stevedores; but stifling as it was, down along that narrow walk, brushing their fans vigorously and perspiring profusely, came Miss Crayton and her attendants, Mr. Mayer and Mr. Seaforth. Down to an immense pile of salt-barrels, where a dusky group of contrabands were roasting in the sun—old men and women, middle aged men and women, and children of both sexes, a motley group, half clad, unfed, and utterly

miserable in appearance and feeling. Following Miss Crayton and her companions came a hand-cart filled with provisions and clothes. This, owing to the obstructions along the levee, had to stop a distance from the group of broiling contrabands.

"These people must be removed, Mr. Mayer," said Miss Crayton, looking over the wearied and dispirited blacks.

"By all means," replied Mr. Seaforth, with an attempt at cheerfulness; then addressing a stalwart man who stood up beside him, "follow us a short distance, and we will try to find a shade; this heat is intolerable, and we have something here that this lady brings for you well worth the trouble." Then to the right about, and Miss Crayton and her attendants sought a place to distribute the good cheer, which aroused even the dullest of the blacks into a glow of anticipation. "See!" exclaimed Mr. Seaforth, "if we can make our way to that long shed, doubtless we will find a suitable spot;" and thitherward they made their way.

One of the blacks, the man Mr. Seaforth had addressed, sprang from barrel to barrel and from box to box gayly, with an infectious laugh, as he led the way. Suddenly he stopped; something arrested his attention. When Mr. Mayer came up to him, the black's eyes were dilated with horror, his limbs trembling. There was something terrible down there then Mr. Mayer felt, and urged on by a feeling he never defined even to himself afterwards, he approached the man and gazed down over his shoulder. As he did so, his face blanched a dead white, for there lay the corpse of Frank Page, prone upon his back, his glazed eyeballs staring stonily upwards. Still he had the presence of mind to turn around towards Mr. Seaforth and Miss Crayton, saying—"You had best pass on the left of those boxes; go and pick the way for them, my good fellow," he added to the terror-stricken black beside him.

The moment the party were well under the shed, Mr. Mayer whispered a few words to Mr. Seaforth, who immediately accompanied Mr. Mayer to the spot where the corpse lay. When they returned to the shed, Miss Crayton observed—

"There is something amiss—are you not going to tell me?"

The gentlemen looked at each other, but neither ventured to reply.

"Come, what is it?—nothing you should keep from me? Stay, I shall go myself."

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Seaforth, then paused abruptly.

"Then I shant trouble you, if it is something I should not see; but pray let us distribute this food, I am sure these poor people are very hungry."

Ever thoughtful Miss Crayton! The poor people were hungry, many of them starving. So the food and clothing was distributed, preparations made to remove the blacks to a vacant building, and cheerful words uttered. All this occupied some twenty minutes, and then Mr. Mayer hurried Miss Crayton home in company with Mr. Seaforth, while he hastened after an uncle of Frank Page's, at the same time despatching a messenger for the coroner.

We will pass over the interval in which the facts were brought out establishing the nature of the death of Frank Page—facts which electrified and horrified everybody in the large city of A—.

Late in the evening, the party of five were again assembled in Mrs. Mayer's drawing-room. Mrs. Mayer had passed a portion of the day with Mrs. Page; Mr. Mayer had made all necessary arrangements for the funeral; and now they were gathered together again with thoughts far different from those that occupied their minds on the previous night. There was a sombre silence, unbroken save now and then by a very brief remark in a low tone. At length Mr. Seaforth, turning to Mrs. Mayer, slowly said—

"This is a world of coincidences, Mrs. Mayer; you relate a glowing story eulogizing Mr. Fiske, at the same time, according to the testimony of three witnesses, one of the most promising young men in the city, exactly of the same age, dies a drunkard's death almost in view of his mother's house, totally uncared for. Poverty in one instance proves a blessing; affluence in another a curse; and the train of thought suggested by the different cases inevitably leads us to the conclusion that truth is stranger than fiction. We might reason backwards, and say that, with all his glorious opportunities, poor Page was made a drunkard out of nothing. He had no natural taste for the poison; did not inherit it; was not compelled to indulge in strong drink by any force of circumstances. We know that many employments creates a thirst for stimulants; but Page never had any experience of that sort. We know, too, how frequently the poison is first tasted at home; but it was not so in this case. It seems to me as if some evil influence had said, Let us see if we can't make a drunkard

out of nothing, with nothing to work on. I do not know that I have ever been so completely shocked in my life; I can scarcely realize the truth; I have said to myself a score of times to-day, How like a bad dream."

"His ways are wonderful," at length replied Mrs. Mayer, solemnly; "terrible as it may seem to us, yet much good may be effected by this awful death. I have no doubt thousands this night are contrasting two lives in the same manner and mood you contrasted those two; and perhaps the parents of many who now incline to evil courses will exert their authority and influence ere it is too late."

"I have heard," said Miss Crayton, in a low tone, "that no one ever warned Mr. Page until the passion for drink overmastered him; do you think it can be true, Robert?"

"I think it very likely. No one ever supposed it necessary in his case," replied Mr. Mayer, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Mayer, "every one appeared to think he of all persons required no safeguard. Had any one warned him in time, as many assuredly had it in their power to do so, in all likelihood he would have halted in his course, and been spared to the world to live the life of a noble, clever man. Young men, who never know a sober moment in three months' time, are hardly responsible agents. Long ago Frank should have been placed in an asylum."

"You mean for the cure of—" began Miss Crayton.

"I mean for the cure or prevention of drunkenness," responded Mrs. Mayer. "Who knows? perhaps even confinement in any prison would have prevented his awful end."

"True," remarked Mr. Seaforth, "there are cases which require desperate treatment. And in this case I think Mr. Page's friends would have been excusable had they adopted even harsh means ere they gave him up finally. And I can't help thinking it is a lesson to all of us. We have all manner of associations, companies, and what not, for the prevention of fire and flood; always warn each other of suspected danger; why, even my neighbor's chimney cannot smoke too freely but I rush to him with my suspicions; and here a human life is wrecked and lost, utterly lost in the fullest sense of the word, and no one dares breathe a word. I am continually reminded of the polite gentleman who excused himself from saving the life of a man who was drowning right before his eyes by saying, 'I never had so much as an introduction to him.'"

At which there was a broad smile, the first smile that lit up the fireside party that evening, and then the subject was dropped.

Mr. Seaforth found a few hours at his disposal when the famous Bridge case came up, and, together with Mrs. Mayer, her son Robert, and Miss Crayton, attended the trial. It was a peculiar case, and attracted very great attention. Many were of the opinion that the Bridge Company would be cast. Mr. Ash was unable to get out of his bed, the case was wholly in the hands of Owen Fiske, and the pressure against the Company tremendous. One old gentleman ventured to stake "a thousand dollars against ten that that young chil'," alluding to the young lawyer, "would make a fine mess of it." The prosecution was waged fiercely by a gray-haired veteran, acquainted with all the intricate windings of the law, ably assisted by a man famed for his persuasive eloquence. The case, then, was dead against the Company. And so thought the little party who would have had the Company successful if only for one thing—that Owen Fiske might gain new laurels.

The entire morning was consumed, and it was long past noon ere the young lawyer gave signs of the life that stirred within him; and when he fairly launched into his theme, the audience suddenly became breathless with eager attention. Twenty minutes he occupied, and in those twenty minutes his clever opponents felt the fine-spun arguments they had woven so cleverly swept away by a mere breath. One or two hard, incontrovertible facts did the business. We may relate them. Acting upon the advice of Owen Fiske, the Company had brought their lever to bear on the law-makers, and the bridge became a mail route. Taking this for his mallet, the dauntless "chil'" proceeded deliberately to drive the pegs from under the fine fabric reared so grandly and imposingly by his very able opponents. And the Company gained the day, and Owen Fiske became famous, while college-bred men like Milton McGowan sought to belittle him; but as in practical efforts of that nature they failed, owing to the vast difference between them, probably the object of their envy, was as ignorant of their slanders as a lamp of the poor witless moths that singe their wings by coming in contact with it.

Mr. Seaforth, himself a talented man, sought an early introduction to the young lawyer, and when Miss Crayton became Mrs. Seaforth, the friendship between the Seaforths, Mayers and

Fiskes became something more than common. And as the three families had more than the usual amount of energy, the intimacy was productive of vast good to A—— at large; for in all practical workings of charity and benevolence, the families just mentioned took the lead, and the acknowledged head of those difficult undertakings, always fully and faithfully accomplished, was OWEN FISKE.

## To One Bereaved.

BY BELLE Z. SPENCER.

"Sister, look up—it is not death, but sleep—  
Sit not so still and white. Oh, darling, weep!  
Tears bring relief.

Here, lay your little hand upon his brow,  
Its wild, hot throbbings all are over now,  
So calm your grief.

"You cannot weep? Poor child! Then let us pray  
That God will melt the icy bars away  
From round your heart;  
That angel hands may stir the fountains deep,  
And rouse the waters from this frozen sleep  
In tears to start.

"Poor little face! so wan and deathly white!  
Dear eyes, so dim!—once bright with joyous light—  
Poor trembling frame!  
And, oh! poor little heart that can't believe  
'Whate'er we ask of God we shall receive'  
In Jesus' name."

"Hush, love! I know. The wild, rebellious cry  
Is that the last beloved one should die  
Far from your side;  
That he should fall where war's deep thunders roar,  
And never speak or clasp your hand once more  
Before he died!

"Yet do not moan in grief so bitter, wild,  
'Twas God who did the loved one take, my child,  
To His own Heaven.  
To you, upon the earth, his tender smile,  
His matchless love and strength a little while  
Was lent, not given.

"Nothing but death to think of e'er again?  
Nothing but weariness and aching pain?  
Child, you mistake!  
Take up your shaken life and live it through,  
The earth is full of work, and you must do  
For Edward's sake."

Then bowed knelt down, and through the lonely room  
Two voices floated on the twilight gloom:—

"Lord, we believe,  
What, through thy wisdom, has to man been taught,  
'Better to give'—so is the lesson fraught—  
'Than to receive.'"

## Bachel;

Or, WAS IT FATE OR PROVIDENCE?

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER X.—A MILLIONAIRE.—A. T. ROSELIUS.

A handsome show the name made, whether over the plate-glass doors of the splendid store on Broadway, or on the massive silver plate that adorned the rosewood entrance of his princely residence. A fabulous price the house had cost him; indeed, he would have nothing about him that had not cost a fabulous price. His orders were sent to Paris—he would have bought carpets woven of sunshine, if they had been in the market for aristocratic purchasers. Fortunately the sunshine is not partial to men of his class, and lets into the homeliest matting its fibres of gold.

Algernon Trepagnier Roselius was the whole imposing name of this favorite of fortune. A handsome man he had been, but early dissipation had wrought its effects upon his features, but rich, well-born, and not over forty; majestic in manner, faultless in every external becoming a gentleman, people were willing to forget he had ever been a sad young blade, in consideration of his having so effectually sown his wild oats. Many a blooming beauty aspired to be noticed by him, and would gladly have taken his name for the sake of the noble fortune which he had inherited from an old family, and to which he was constantly adding by his extensive business operations. But Mr. Algernon Roselius had, as the vulgar expression runs, his eye teeth cut. He had watched fashionable beauties on and off the stage, had gathered up in his budget of mementoes all their weak points, their follies and crimes. He disliked fashionable women, while he claimed to be a fashionable man. He wanted to marry, but he could not find the woman he wanted. After a life of gross indulgence, he aspired to mate with an angel. It was a monstrous absurdity.

The household of Mr. Roselius consisted of a widowed sister and her little daughter, a child of ten or eleven years, her son, a boy of thirteen, and possessed of remarkable beauty.

Adele was pretty, with regular features, but usually, her face being lighted by no indications of spirit or fire of genius, was dull and tame. Mrs. Constanzi, her mother, and the sister of Roselius, had married an Italian refugee with a noble name. She had been a beauty, but an evil temper and dissipation had



worn her out before her prime. The count had spent her fortune, and was instantly killed on a hunting excursion, some four years previous to the time at which we introduce her to the reader. Being offered a home with her brother, she unwillingly took upon herself the duty of attending somewhat to his household, which duty consisted in her giving a few orders to the housekeeper, and in going over the establishment whenever she deemed there was need of her attention. This latter service was not often done. She preferred her own beautiful apartments and the society of her idolized children, one or both of whom, she hoped, would yet be the recipients of her brother's bounty on a larger scale than at present, when they were merely fed and clothed by him. She was always in keeping with the soft harmonies of color surrounding her. She knew how to dress well, and that her brother liked nothing so much as fine taste in dress. He did not stint her in money either; while he remained single there was every advantage for her; if he married, why, perhaps, her reign was over. So she exerted all her feeble wits to avert the much dreaded consummation.

They sat at dinner one day, and for a wonder without company. Mr. Roselius seemed somewhat tired or annoyed. Blooms from the conservatory below, filled with rich and precious freight of incense, blessed the air; fruits from the spice islands of the world, crystallized, shone through richly cut glasses. There was nothing wanting to cheer the heart or delight the eye.

Suddenly—

"That's an uncommonly fine organ," exclaimed the millionaire, half turning in his luxurious seat, and casting a glance into the street that was clean and cool with recent sprinkling; "and, by Jove! what a face!"

He left his chair now, and sauntered to the window, intent upon that sight that charmed him so. Listlessly he plunged his hand in his pocket—there was no change there. Next he tried the pocket-book—the least was a five, which he held carelessly for a moment, so that his sister saw it. Out it went, crumpled, and the long legged man who owned the fine organ bowed to the window—the man he could not see for the Italian shades. The child looked up and smiled—she was dazzling.

"I'd give five dollars any time for a sight of that face, he said, seeing disapproval in his sister's glance.

"You'll see it often enough, if that's the way you encourage them," she said, as the

little Adele, who was envious at this praise, ran to look also.

"Very well, the oftener the better. I shan't promise them five dollars every time for it, though. How that face haunts me!"

"Those organs are a nuisance."

"Only when they suit me, sister; that one has a splendid tone; hark! it is grinding an aria from Mansaniello, my favorite, you know. Heavens! the last I heard that sung was at Milan. Such a pretty little prima donna! She's dead, now. Married, and then died—too bad. Well, well, let the old grinder come till I get tired of him; as for the child, by Jove!—how the face haunts me! such rich vitality, steeped through and through with that wondrous Italian beauty!"

His sister glanced angrily at him, and then at her little daughter, who was half Italian, at all events, and possessed a remarkable pair of dark eyes. She had never heard him speak of her beauty, but he had laughed often at "her little Thinness," as he called her. To have a beggar preferred to her in that matter was not so pleasant; she could have thrown a cupful of hot water on the little golden head, without any compunction. The child passed on with Tite, her brilliant face making her hosts of friends, and the grinder heaps of money; while the rich Roselius, as he tried in vain to take his customary nap, thought only of the child whose lovely face danced back and forth in the sunbeams upon the gilded wall. Trial after trial resulted in the same disinclination to travel through the land of nod. In truth, the child had opened a long closed door in his heart—a door that till then had been shut and locked over a tomb. She had awakened the memory of old aspirations, of deeds whose sting had long ago lost its power. She had sent deep, dark eyes like her own, wide open with sorrowful glances—eyes that perhaps had been quenched in eternal darkness. She had wound about that pleasure-loving and almost paralyzed heart, sunny tresses as glittering as her own, and set musical tones to melodies of an olden time, full of sin, and mirth, and unholy pleasure.

"Albert, you disturb me; I can't sleep," he cried, almost angrily, springing out of his velvet chair and pulling the handkerchief from his head.

"I, sir?" exclaimed a soft voice. "Haven't moved; I'm reading, sir."

"I can't help it—you must have moved—must have disturbed me. I never lose my nap unless something annoys me."

"I'll go out of the room, sir," said the boy, rising, a lithe, slender figure, with a face of almost girlish beauty, heightened by the soft curls that fell to his collar.

"Well, perhaps you had better," said his uncle, walking back and forth. Albert Constanzi was not a favorite with him. Whether it was because of his extreme gentleness of disposition, so different from his own impetuous, fiery temperament, or his constant submission to his whims, he could not tell, he only knew that he did not like him, never had liked him. The girl had some spirit, he said, though she was a homely little ape, but she dared him, laughed at him, was totally different from her student-brother.

Impossible to sleep, with these haunting thoughts. Back and forth he took his way, wondering what ailed him.

"The fact is, it's nothing like a home," he mused, and his quick glance took in all the splendid surroundings; vases transparent, of a spirit-clearness; pictures that his own unrivalled taste had selected from amidst hundreds of master-pieces. Groups in marble; books with costly bindings; gems of art, of foreign value hardly understood in this country; "the fact is, it's nothing like a home; there's one thing wanting. My friends enjoy it, come here to rest and recreate, find solace in my billiard-room, my ten-pin-alley, admire my pictures, praise my appreciation, eat, sing, drink, sleep, and enjoy themselves; but return, saying to themselves, 'sweet home! be it ever so humble there's no place like home.' It's a hotel, a caravansary, a half-way house, but to me, no home. I want—a wife! Ah! me, if I had been wiser in my youth! My sister does well enough, in her place. She dresses well, adorns my table, amuses my friends; but when they are gone, so is she. Adele is an imp, Albert a nonentity. I wish—I wish I could see that child's face again. What was there in it like—like? pshaw! what a fool I am! as if it were possible! Poor thing!" he mused, after a few moments of thought, "the last I heard of her she was in the hospital."

He stood before one of the long mirrors, four of which lined the wall at opposite angles—the room was an octagon, and absently surveyed himself, smiling sarcastically.

"Well, yes," in reply to some mental question, "I suppose I could get a wife, readily—a fresh, blooming creature, beautiful as a houri, who would bring no mean dowry, but what would she care for me? Oh! to be

loved, to be loved! What! have I drained the dregs of such exquisite happiness? No. I'll think of a plan; its outlines are taking form in my brain; that face! that artless, glorious, heavenly face. To educate, say—to pour daily into the young life an infusion of my own strong will; to teach her reverence, affection, love, by Jove! Her gratitude will do everything. It will be a rare pleasure, new tasted and satisfying, to see her growing up daily to be what I shall make her. A wife, moulded in thought, character, tastes, even genius, by me—a glorious opportunity. Farewell ennui, welcome this fresh, soul-thrilling pleasure; I shall grow young again—and after all, I'm not so very old. But what will my sister say? Everything. Yet I am still master in my own house; it shall be a home always to her—that is, she can have her own apartments, providing I should, in the course of time, be married. Ah! that's the way—somewhat romantic, too—will set all my friends laughing at me, no doubt—but who cares? I have a right to do as I please, and if they guess the sequel they will not be such fools as to tell me of it—no, of course not.

#### CHAPTER XL.—A PORTRAIT WITHOUT A HISTORY.

Meantime, his sister sat contemplative in her own room. True to her instincts, Adele was tying a monstrous lace veil about her head, suffering it to fall on her shoulders and drag on the floor. She was too still to be good, so her mother thought, and, turning, caught the veil from her young sprite, who thereupon set up a loud scream. Shaking and threatening had no effect upon the child; she tore at the veil, and one of the flowers came out like a snow-flake in her hand.

"You wicked thing!" cried her mother, angry and white, "I will send you away; I will take another little child, as true as I live; I'll go and get the little girl who pleased your Uncle Roselius so much, and she shall have all his love, and all his money when he dies."

At this formidable threat, the child suppressed her cries of rage. At that moment Albert entered.

"Uncle Roselius is cross," he said, lounging to a seat; "when I get older I'm going to a trade; he is always cross to me; I know he don't like me."

"Nonsense," cried his mother, with fiery eyes, "you two children try me to death. A trade! Let me hear of your talking of such a thing."

"But Uncle Roselius makes money by trading," said the boy, lazily.

"That is a different thing," was the reply; "I see you must go to work at all events—at study, I mean—you know absolutely nothing. I'll speak to Roselius to-morrow about it."

"You needn't, then—I guess I know more than you think I do," retorted the boy. "You are all cross; I wish I had somebody to like."

"And you are an ungrateful child. You never try to please your uncle, but go plodding round looking so dumb. By and by he will get tired of you."

"I am tired of him now," said Albert, yawning. "No, I mean to be a painter," he suddenly exclaimed, with unwonted energy.

"I am as happy as a king when I try that, and it comes so easily. I'll ask Uncle Roselius if I may work in his study—he can but say no, and there'll be an end of it."

Weeks passed before the boy had an opportunity of explaining his wishes to his uncle, who of late was rarely at home. But one morning, when lounging wistfully along the gallery where the studio was, he saw the key in the door. Knowing that his uncle had left the house, and probably forgotten that he had not removed the key to his favorite resort, he was tempted to enter. The room was lighted from the top, built precisely for the purpose to which it was adapted. Only a few choice friends were ever admitted over that threshold. From his earliest boyhood, Roselius had cherished a passion for art, but, like Goethe, the poetic inspiration that makes and hallows genius in that particular study was wanting. He painted well, however. In details he was perfect; the branches of his trees were wonderful, only they lacked that quality that assured you that they would move if only the breeze stirred. There was no passion about them, no vitality; but, notwithstanding, they were beautiful as copies. Several of these stood about the room unframed, leaning against the wall; pictures, crayons, finished and unfinished casts in plaster, colors, palette, brushes, laid here, there and everywhere in glorious confusion; but these surroundings made the boy's heart throb, and the ends of his fingers tingle. His passionate Italian blood leaped from the corner where it had been sleeping, and, surging through his brain, left undying shapes and coloring upon its surface. In that moment the artist was born—in that moment the boy felt the first promptings of his destiny.

An easel stood drawn a little on one side

from the centre of the apartment. Over it a cloth was thrown, showing only at one end a white and beautifully-shaped hand. There were two easels in the room besides this one, both containing canvas, and Albert's curiosity was roused. He lifted the first one, that displaying the snowy hand. It revealed a face of such exquisite loveliness that the boy stood almost overpowered by the intensity of his delight. Such a countenance he had never seen before—never imagined to exist beyond the world of fancy or of dreams.

"Could Uncle Roselius have painted it?" he soliloquized, "if he did, he ought to be something more than a mere rich man. But no, there is the name of the artist—I see it on the border," and stooping down he read, "J. L. Mortimer, London, 18—."

"It has been painted nearly ten years," the boy soliloquized. "Who could it have been? O! the beautiful being!—more like an angel than a woman. Shall I ever do anything half as well as that? Yes, I will be a painter—I will be a great painter!"

With clasped hands the boy stood like one entranced, till the entrance of some person disturbed him.

"Why, Albert!" "Why, mamma!" were the simultaneous exclamations.

"O! mamma, did you ever see such a face?" the boy cried in his rapture, agitated almost to tears.

"What! does he keep *that* now?" exclaimed Mrs. Constanzi, sternly.

"Why, mamma, who is it?" queried her son.

"A woman, boy, whom to look at is a shame."

Albert caught his breath.

"Was she so very wicked, then?—and she looks like an angel."

"You are not old enough to hear the story, Albert; when you are, I will tell you that you may be warned, for remember the angel's beauty is often the woman's ruin."

"Why, mamma, how queerly you talk! I wish I knew what she did. But she must have been an Englishwoman."

"Yes, she was—very handsome and accomplished."

"But how came Uncle Roselius with her picture? Did he go to England?"

"Your uncle lived in England five years."

"And he became acquainted with her there?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply, and the boy searched his mother's eyes in vain. She would answer no more questions by look or speech.

"Come, he must not find us here, he would be angry, for it is rare for him to show his studio even to his most intimate friends. Why, John!" she exclaimed, as the figure of the porter appeared at the door.

"Please, Mrs., the man be come with the child," said John, illy concealing a laugh as he ducked his head. John was an Englishman, and a new servant.

"The man with the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Constanzi, with a vague look first at John and then at her son.

"What do you mean?" asked Albert.

"It's the man says how he came to bring the child to Master Roselius," reiterated the man.

"What new freak has my brother taken into his head?" queried Mrs. Constanzi, as she hurried down stairs. The parlors were on the second floor at the right of the hall, the doors standing wide open, through which a queer picture revealed itself. On his knees, awkwardly unpinning a shawl of the brightest colors, was Tite the organ-grinder, gaping about in the meantime at the new and wonderful things that met his sight everywhere, while under his grasp a beautiful child stood looking intently at him, but with something of grief curling her small red lips.

"What in the world does it mean?" queried Mrs. Constanzi, with a frown and a glance of perplexity.

"Mamma, mamma!" whispered Albert, trembling with excitement and admiration, "she looks like that picture up stairs. Oh! how beautiful!"

"Nonsense, boy, go to your room," said his mother, sternly. "What have you brought this girl here for?" she asked of Tite, as Albert slowly left the parlor.

Tite, albeit he was a poor man and ignorant, lacked not his share of sturdy independence. He turned his strange eyes in the direction of the speaker, throwing off the shawl at which he had been working, and disclosing two of the whitest, roundest, dimpled shoulders.

"I brought her because I was told to, Missis," he said, in his straightforward way, rising to his feet. "It's Mr. Roselius and me as has concluded the bargain—though I must say as it's hard for me, for she were making my fortin'. But then I'm man enough, I hope, not to stand in the way of the child's interest, which he is kind enough to teach her and make a lady of her, which her father was a gentleman, though he lived in Trotter Place, to be sure—but then a gentlemen come down, of course."

Mrs. Constanzi stood staring in blank amazement. That her brother had got this strange child to clothe and feed for a while, she could realize; but that he should take the little beggar to stand in the stead of her own children, that she could not yet quite comprehend.

"Do you mean—what!" she exclaimed, a new light breaking upon her, "are you that organ-grinder?"

"I are, Missis," said Tite, with his grandest bow. "Me and my woman hev did our best by the child, but you see, Ma'am, she were quite too much out of our line. You great folks will understand her better."

"Yes, oh! yes, we shall understand her, no doubt," said a hearty voice behind them. It was Mr. Roselius, laughing as he spoke at the comical scene upon which he had stumbled. "I didn't mean you should come till to-morrow," he said, turning to Tite, who stood scraping and bowing, while the child, with a natural dignity, looked on; "but you took me up with a vengeance, didn't you? Well, I like your punctuality, by Jove! Sister, will you see to the child for a moment? I've something to say to this man."

"But what shall I do with her?" asked Mrs. Constanzi, in angry and pitiful perplexity.

"Do with her? Why, take her into your room of course. I got her specially for a playmate for Adele; I imagined the child was lonely," he added, a spice of sarcasm in his voice.

A great horror fell upon the fashionable and delicately-bred woman. She looked helplessly at her brother—she was helpless—remembering that she was at his mercy, at his disposal any moment. Take that child, a strolling street minstrel, a low-bred mendicant, to be a playmate for her Adele? Never. The hot blood rushed over cheek and brow.

"Come," she said, beckoning to the child, come with me."

Rachel drew her form up. Her fine sympathies detected an unwelcome sound in the voice; she did not like this cold, haughty woman.

"I'd rather go with Tite, I thank you," she said, with dignity, and marched out after Mr. Roselius and her friend, neither of them aware of the action, leaving Mrs. Constanzi confounded at her coolness and angry at her audacity.

#### CHAPTER XII.—HOW LADIES ARE MADE.

"We'll soon make a lady of her, ma'am," said Mrs. Collup, bustling about the room.

It was a large room, the furniture all neatly



covered with calico, the straw carpet golden in the sunlight, the great clock, a century old, ticking its loudest in the corner, the immense lounge (on which sat Miss Rachel curled up to her smallest dimensions, and, if the truth must be told, very sulky), taking up a third of the room, large as it was.

"O, yes, it wont take long to make a lady of such as she," said the smiling dressmaker, rattling the silken stuffs in her lap. All around her lay piles of goods brought that morning—muslins, flannels, silks, fabrics of the finest sort—and the colors flashed and gleamed, making an impression even on Rachel's now dull eye.

"O! she'll git over it," ejaculated Mrs. Collap, taking up one of the patterns and admiring it, "everything will be new for a time, and them grinder folks has been very kind to her, I don't doubt. You see Mr. Roselius made this Tite, or whatever his name is, promise that he wouldn't come here again, though he told the child he would. He give him a heap of money, I expect—as far as I could judge, enough for him to build a house out in the country—but oh, dear, isn't it a strange freak of Mr. Roselius?"

"Men as rich as he can afford such freaks," said the dressmaker. "I guess I'll cut this blue low neck and short sleeves, she has such lovely arms and shoulders. Don't look like a common child, does she?"

"Not at all," said the housekeeper, with a shy glance and a shrug of the shoulder.

"Have you the least idea?" queried the dressmaker, with a confidential look. "It may be; you know he *has* been wild."

"No, no, I don't think so," was the reply, a world of meaning in her words; "I guess she's a stranger he's took a fancy to, and, being as he aint a married man, he's going to train her for his wife; who knows?"

"O! the idea!" laughed the dressmaker. "Little girl, come here now, your waist is ready to try on," she said, addressing the child.

Rachel moved, pouted, moved again, and finally got down very slowly from the lounge.

"What's your name, dear?" asked the good-natured little body, snipping away at points and jagged ends.

"Rachel Cassidy," said the child, secretly pleased because it was not her name, and that therefore the dressmaker was no wiser than before.

"Well, Rachel, aint you glad of all these fine clothes?"

"No," said the child, bluntly, "I'd rather play the castanets with Tite."

"That's because you don't know any better. In a few years you'll be ashamed to think you ever knew Tite."

The child looked up, indignant blood flushing her cheeks crimson.

"Do you think I'll ever be ashamed of them, of Tarkey, of my father?"

"Well, yes, you may be," said the dressmaker, thoughtlessly.

"Then you shant touch me; I wont have any of these things," cried the child, tearing the waist off with a sudden fury, and, flinging it on the floor, she retreated to the sofa, clenched the calico-covered arm, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Why! what a spiteful little thing!" exclaimed the dressmaker.

"You didn't go to work right," said the housekeeper; "of course you made her angry telling her she would forget her father and them that has been kind to her. I'd be ashamed of anybody that did. No, dear, don't you never forget them as has been good to you, no matter what station they are in in life," she added, turning to the child. "Now, if I was you, I wouldn't be angry; she didn't mean no harm, and I want to see you for once dressed in as pretty clothes as Miss Adele, who is a spiteful little cat. You'll be a deal handsomer." Not a very prudent way to address the child, but better than sneers and doubts.

Rachel allowed herself to be coaxed, and so skilfully did the good housekeeper manœuvre, that before long Rachel had forgotten her grand ways and was a child again, stitching away industriously at a silk dress for a doll that was to be.

The housekeeper soon grew to love her charge dearly, and never was there a prouder moment of her existence than that in which she ushered the beautiful child, arrayed in exquisite garments, in the presence of Madam Constanzi and her brother. Adele had already made friends with her, but in the heart of the mother an incipient hate had taken root, destined to make Rachel's life bitter. As for Albert, he worshipped immediately. The likeness of the child, which he, perhaps, alone had discovered, made a sort of link between them, and, boy as he was, he thought up romances hourly concerning this wondrous little flower, removed from wintry wastes to summer warmth and beauty.

It was to little effect that Mrs. Constanzi strove to sow the seeds of discord in the young

hearts about her. Children will be children, and though some of her mother's hints and ingenuos took effect, they were destined to bear fruit only in the future. For the present they made tolerable companions. Rachel's imperious temper kept Adele down to her right level, and it did not annoy her at all to be taunted with her former occupation. Albert she loved with all the intensity of her nature, and Mr. Roselius, to her childish imagination, was only little less than a god. He felt himself hourly repaid, as year by year her sweet reverence, almost her homage, were given to him. She was indeed the favorite of fortune. Not that Roselius abated in his lavish gifts to Adele, or his favors to the boy, but they could not help seeing that little Rachel was his idol, and that her affection for him was strangely fervent for a child. As she progressed in her studies, it was found that she developed a wonderful talent for music—that her voice was one of the richest contraltos, that it was no effort at all for her to study music. Thereupon Roselius procured the best masters, giving both girls the same advantages; but Adele, with her slow temperament and lack of industry, was far behind, in fact she had no genius. Albert, meantime, was sent to boarding-school, and from thence to college.

Mrs. Constanzi, in her dislike, nay, almost hate of the little orphan, had not abated one jot of her prejudices. She hated her for her graceful ways, her superior knowledge, her glorious beauty. Ordinarily, Adele would have been called handsome. At fourteen she was tall and womanly in her proportions, and began to take on airs like a duchess. At fifteen she flirted and talked of marriage; at sixteen she was desperately jealous of Rachel, and inclined to propagate the evil seed her mother had planted years ago.

"Uncle doesn't care half as much for me as he does for her," she cried, flinging herself in her mother's little boudoir in a passion one evening. Her mother, to whom she had been relating her griefs, entered with her, pale and with knit brows. "If any stranger comes, it is Rachel who must play and sing, and though he asks me for compliment's sake, yet it is he he intends to show off, anybody might see. I declare he makes himself perfectly ridiculous. Persons might well think him in love with the girl and intending to marry her, as some say."

"Adele, how can you breathe so foolish, so dreadfully ridiculous a suspicion?" exclaimed her mother, vehemently. "He! at his time of life, with his pride, to marry one in her cir-

cumstances, a beggar picked up from the street!"

"You would not dare to say that to him, mamma, you know you would not."

"That does not alter the facts of the case. The girl is common from the very outset. She shows it in her manner towards the servants and poor people. I'm sure she'd be more at home in a hovel than in this house."

"At any rate she is more beautiful than I," said Adele, bitterly. "She is always noticed first. Nobody loves or cares for me when she is present; and now Albert is coming home, I expect she will win him from me. He always admired her."

"Adele!" exclaimed her mother, her face growing dark, "don't insult me or Albert by such a thought. He shall have nothing to do with her if I can prevent. His pride, if nothing else, will keep him from such a blunder."

A breezy motion of the door, the soft perfume of violets—standing there, her luminous eyes full of light and love, Rachel beamed on them an innocent smile.

"Why didn't you stay, Adele? Mr. Morris wanted so to hear the little French duet, and I couldn't sing it alone. At least I just blundered through to show him the air, it is so sweet; but I wanted you."

"I didn't choose," said Adele, crossly, stung by the radiant expression of the too charming face before her.

"Adele has something else to do besides sitting with strange gentlemen by the hour and amusing them," said Mrs. Constanzi.

"I'm sure Mr. Roselius introduced him, and thinks very highly of him. I did not dream there was any harm in singing a little song or two."

"O! of course not," said Adele, with a curling lip.

"Certainly of course not," responded Rachel, suddenly freezing. "That was just the answer, if you had tried for a week. I am very fond of playing for those who appreciate me," and she strolled to the farther end of the room, humming carelessly.

"All the gentlemen appreciate you," said Adele, with another sneer.

"For which I am very grateful," responded Rachel. "But come, don't let us quarrel, Ada, I really feel too good-natured to-night. Mr. Roselius tells me that Albert will be home to-morrow. That will be delightful; I long to see him. I expect in these two years he has grown so tall and so handsome he will quite look down upon us girls."

Adele and her mother exchanged glances.

"It is to be presumed he will not look down upon his sister," said Mrs. Constanzi, haughtily.

"And to be hoped that he will upon me, I suppose," responded Rachel, her eyes on fire. "Well, perhaps he will—perhaps he won't; we shall see. It won't trouble me either way, I can assure you."

"Young ladies do not know how to behave towards gentlemen now-a-days," said Mrs. Constanzi, still frigid.

"If you include me in that sweeping assertion, Madam," said Rachel, rather amused than angry at the drift of the conversation which she understood, perfectly, and which she intended to receive as good-naturedly as she could, "you may be right, and you may be wrong. I do not confess to as much knowledge of the world as you; that, you know, would be impossible."

Mrs. Constanzi bit her lip. To see this child of charity standing before her, in her soft, flowing robes, the impersonation of grace, beauty and dignity, calmly parrying her thrusts, and by her very manner, proving her superiority by nature, fired all the bad blood of her heart.

"My son will respect himself, Miss—Miss—I never can think of your name," she added, with a stinging contempt that sent the red blood rushing up to the roots of Rachel's hair.

"Roselius," she said, giving the proud woman a look under which even she quailed; "and remember, Madam, the man who by his adoption gave me the right to that name, can and will protect me from insult. As for your son, do not fear; I shall not deign to notice him," and with an air that was regal, covering a bruised and swelling heart, she swept from the room.

"We have gone too far," cried Adele, in a fright. "She will tell Uncle Roselius, and her influence over him is so dreadful that there's no saying what he may do."

"I'm not afraid; she'll not tell him," replied her mother, and the sequel proved her right. Rachel, in noble resentment, walked back and forth in her own room for hours, chafing under this constant persecution, which was growing pitiless, but she still could not find it in her generous heart to complain to her guardian, her more than father, as she called him, of his own sister, who was a dependent under his roof. But how long was she to endure their merciless jealousy? She was not to blame, surely, if nature had given her superior gifts;

she could not help it if many of their most attractive visitors seemed to prefer her society to that of the silent, brooding, suspicious half Italian, whose eyes were very daggers sometimes, and eloquent of hate to whoever could interpret aright.

"I'll be cold as an icicle and silent as a stone," she cried, passionately; "but how can I? Something within moves me almost to rapture, when I am pleased. I cannot control the muscles of my face, my eyes or my tongue. Perhaps I am not prudent, but at least I am innocent. I feel none of those petty jealousies, I love to see beautiful people; I have seen those more beautiful than I can ever hope to be, and never envied them. How cruel! how heartless of Adele and her mother. No, I will not be deceitful, I will be myself towards all but this proud son of a proud mother, who is coming home. But how do I know he is proud? he never used to be. He was as kind and gentle as a brother. I wonder if he paints as much as ever; I wonder how he looks?" and in these questions and surmises she nearly forgot her troubles.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—TWO MEN IN LOVE.

"Rachel! Rachel! do you hear me? I am almost out of breath; have searched for you in every corner. Who would have thought of finding you here?"

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir!" how stately you can be!"

She stood there, her head turned round, as he had found her, half smiling but very cold. He with the frank brow, the face so noble, the eye passionate, yet clear—genius and fire—the beautiful lips, which were the only feature retaining the girlish delicacy of his youth. Sun-browned, broad-shouldered, a fine, delicate outline saving him from the appearance of a mere athlete; Rachel confessed to herself that he was truly the pattern of a man, nobly handsome, gracefully winning.

It was a lofty room at the back of the house on the second floor, filled with old furniture that had been for a century in the Roselius family. When she first saw it, years ago, it was a confused, heterogeneous mass of tables, chairs, mats, chests, carpets, etc.; but with Mr. Roselius's consent she had it put in order, all things adjusted to her liking, and called it her room. There indeed she could be alone with the old purplish covered chairs, the faded Persian carpet, the panels, dark and polished, and the moulding around the edge of the ceiling, broken and stained by time. Adele never

went there but once, to cry out, "Oh! what a gloomy place! I'd as lief be in a grave," and hurried off. Mrs. Constanzi would not have known there was such a room in the house but for the frequent absence of Rachel.

"Is that all the welcome you have for me, Rachel?"

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Constanzi," she said, offering her hand, quietly, while her eye fell beneath his powerful glance.

"Very glad to see me, indeed!"

"What more could I say, Mr. Constanzi?"

"Nothing; I thank you, *Miss Rachel*," he answered, severely, putting his hands behind him. "Indeed, you are very good to notice me at all, I suppose I ought to think; but I had anticipated a little more cordiality. When I went away, Rachel—I beg pardon—you were not so cold, and you were not a child, then." She remembered how she had held his hand, her hot tears falling upon it, how she had felt as if her life, her very soul had left her, and it had been dark for weeks and months. Now she longed to put both hands in his, and looking up to him with the olden confidence, say, "welcome home to all, but *especially* to me." But with the memory of that yesterday's conversation ringing yet in her ear, she could not, or, rather, she would not.

"I have pictured our meeting so often," he said, half sadly, falling back a little; "I did not think you would be so tall and beautiful! Ah! you have grown beyond me; you are indeed changed, as they told me."

"As who told you?" she asked, with an imperious gesture.

"My mother and my sister."

"You have them to thank then, remember, for any coldness you may find in me."

"I thought so," he exclaimed, impetuously, his brow darkening a little. "Adele is spoiled and jealous; have I guessed rightly?"

"Adele does very well where she belongs; her station comes to her by birthright; mine has been forced upon me. You may judge how we compare together in your mother's estimation."

"Rachel, don't think of it," he said, after a moment's reflection, "you are by far the nobler, the more gifted, the"—

"Hush!" she said, so severely that he ceased instantly; "don't talk that way to me, or I shall not know you at all."

"I questioned this morning when we met whether you did; but you are evidently annoyed; pardon me, I will intrude no longer on your privacy." How the young girl longed

to express once more the old sisterly frankness in her greeting—her conversation. Besides, her heart leaped every time she met his eye, so clear, so full of a light that answered to her own heart. She had, however, marked out a line of conduct which she fully meant to pursue, but if he staid much longer, with that melting look of sorrow, she felt sure she should relent.

"I wish you good morning, Miss Rachel," he said, moving towards the door. Rachel could only bow; she felt a choking in her throat almost like suffocation. How could she let him go away, thinking, perhaps, that she was angry with him—that she disliked him. It was upon her lip to stay him, but she let him go. When they met together at dinner, one would have thought them friends but newly acquainted, so quiet and cold they were. Only at times Albert betrayed by a sudden, anxious glance at her, and an absent manner, that he was not quite himself, however self-possessed she was.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Roselius, as after dinner they sat in the parlor together, Rachel at the farther window, Adele lounging near and reading, her mother also lounging, and in pauses of her knitting-work taking a cautious survey of the faces and doings of those about her, "you are really growing to manhood."

"I am twenty-one in a month, sir," said Albert.

"Ah! indeed; and your passion for picture-drawing, and that stuff, is it as fervent as ever?"

"How can you ask me that question, sir?"

"I? why, because I like the trifling pastime myself. Do you think I would ever aspire to make of such things a life-work? No, no; it will do very well for play, to while away idle time, nothing else. Very few succeed at it; besides, the clever ones are drunkards, and otherwise good for nothing."

"If I am ever successful, uncle, you shall not have that to say of me."

"Bah! don't be an artist—you never can support a wife, if you get one."

Unconsciously to himself, Albert's eyes wandered to where Rachel sat, looking now from the window. How vividly the proud yet delicate outline cut against the silvery crystal, and the sweep of the soft chestnut hair, that of itself was a study for a painter. Mr. Roselius followed his glance stealthily; his brow contracted. He too gazed a moment, till the frown faded, leaving a pleasing serenity.



"What do you think of Miss Rachel?" his uncle asked.

"I hardly ever saw so lovely a creature," was the enthusiastic reply.

"Lovely," murmured the elder man, feasting his eyes on the sweet vision, unconscious of his scrutiny, "you cannot clothe such beauty in human language—a rare creature, almost of my moulding. Is she not one to worship? Look at her now, with that sunbeam gliding from tress to neck like a golden chain, just light enough for her."

This was rhapsody. Albert turned to his uncle astonished. No, there could be no mistaking the rapt passion of that look, the absorbed, devoted gaze that absolutely devoured every charmer.

"Then there are two men in this house who love her," he whispered to himself. "But can she return the affection of my uncle? If not, heaven pity him, for he worships—and who wonders? As he says, he has helped to make her what she is—rare, indeed, in every attribute, perfect in every accomplishment. How does she feel about it, I wonder, under this load of obligation? The peerless creature! what trials may be lingering about her path! what clouds gathering over the beautiful head!" He ventured the question aloud—

"She has suitors, of course; does she look favorably upon any one?"

"No." It was thundered out so that Rachel from her far seat turned and looked, while Adele, who made great show of her weak nerves, uttered a faint little cry and half started from her lounge. "And I should like to see any young fellow, any green gosling, come courting her now; indeed I should," he added, with a show of anger.

"But, uncle, how can the young men help being attracted?" queried Albert, anxious to test him to the uttermost.

"Let them be attracted then, but, like the moth, they must stay outside the shade, by Jove. I shall take good care that none of them get singed beyond repair—I shall take care of that, my boy; she's too young yet for lovers, too young yet."

"What, older than sweet sixteen?"

"Yes, I tell you, sweet sixteen, or sweet nineteen, or any other sweet age at which girls are considered eligible—I tell you I'll have no fools about me yet awhile. As soon as they show the symptoms, by Jove! I'll hustle them off."

"This is a hint for me to be wary," thought Albert. "I am glad of it; it will make me cautious."

He went quietly over by his sister, that he might feast his eyes unobserved. His uncle might have divined his purpose, for he called Rachel to him. She came at the first bidding, with a pleased look, a heightened color, which sent poor Albert's emotions down among the icy regions below zero. It shook him all over to see her seat herself so close to the man for whom she felt the pure affection of a child for its father.

"My darling, can you give us a song?" asked Roselius.

"Certainly, sir," was her quick reply, and in another moment she was tripping it to the piano, had opened and seated herself before it, and warbled forth, in one of the sweetest voices God ever gave to man or woman, a little Italian song. Albert never felt before that tumultuous heart-throb, the delicious ecstasy that now pervaded all his being. He shut his eyes, not caring to look—into the very consecrated depths of his soul he received that almost divine melody. It made him a better man—made him long to be worthy of a genius so rare, so richly cultivated.

"What a voice!" he said to Adele.

"Think so?" she answered, with a drawl.

"Good thing for her if she ever has to get her living," said Mrs. Constanzi, after shooting one scornful glance at the object of her dislike.

"That she will never need, I am sure," replied the young man.

"She has had to once," retorted Adele.

"But Uncle Roselius will take care that she never does again."

"O! yes, very likely so, by marrying her," said Adele. "Who can live in the house, do you suppose, when she is mistress? Not I. If I can marry rich, I'll take Mamma away, indeed I will. She is annoyed every day of her life."

"What? Do you think my uncle will marry her?" exclaimed Albert, with a horror that was impressed upon every feature.

"Why not? He has brought her up, made her his echo—a mere automaton—and he'll end by conferring the distinction of his hand, I suppose, upon this nameless girl. She ought to be very thankful—but anybody can see her art—she intends it herself."

"O! no, she does not think of such a thing," said Albert, impulsively.

His mother looked at him with her hard, keen eyes.

"Pray, Albert, how do you know?" she asked.

"Because, if I read her character aright, she would rather starve than sell herself for mere gold and lands."

"Mere gold and lands," retorted his mother, "we are taught to feel every day what they are worth."

"You are different," it was on his lips to say, but he did not like to enter into the explanations that he knew would be required, or bear the indignation that might succeed. Besides, how did he really know but this girl, whom he thought so glorious, was really scheming for that honor? As mistress of a splendid mansion, worshipped by its owner, acknowledged and honored by all the world of fashion, she might fulfil every earthly desire—but the heart, would that be satisfied? Even supposing that as yet she loved no one better than him, might not the time come, and with it her desperate fate?

"I cannot think her so calculating, so mercenary!" he said to himself, still looking upon that noble countenance.

"O! it is easy to see," exclaimed his mother, "that she is straining every nerve for the attainment of that position. And when it is once hers, then we must go. She has no good will for us. My poor Adele has been thwarted so often and so openly, that she can do nothing but submit. The girl has proved the serpent that stung the bosom that warmed it. She will repeat the experiment, I fear, and bring shame and distress upon us all."

"I will not hear her so scandalized—it is vilely unfair!" exclaimed Albert, starting from his seat, flushed and fearful—for if this were true, how must his idol fall. "You women are dreadfully intolerant of each other's failings."

His mother and sister looked at one another, as their eyes sought an explanation of his vehemence.

"If you intend to be her champion," said Adele, fiercely, "you'll have your hands full."

"I will be her champion, because I believe her to be slandered, and until I see something that absolutely shakes my confidence, I will believe in her—that she is everything good and noble in woman."

"And doubt your mother and sister," responded Mrs. Constanzi, angrily.

"Ah! they must always take the second place," said Adele, with a sneer. "Men are very chivalrous in the cause of strangers, if they only wear petticoats, but their mothers and sisters may go begging for help for all they care. Come, mother, I really have no

wish to be censured at the expense of a girl like Rachel—we know her, he does not."

They arose and left the room together, and Albert was not disposed to follow them. He saw, as he never had before, the frivolous character of both mother and daughter—he comprehended what Rachel had suffered.

Meantime, Rachel still kept her seat at the piano, combining sweet harmonies—letting loose the strange, new emotions of her heart in soft, sweet cadences—dreaming only of passion and beauty and a golden future. She knew that Albert, away off there, leaning on the arm of the lounge his sister had just vacated, listened to her, his soul in his eyes—felt by the weighty, invisible power of attraction that his thoughts were full of her. She had forgotten the presence of Roselius, till he said, being quite near, "Sing again, Rachel." So she found old melodies, and sang with a feeling, a power that were new to her experience, speaking lightly and softly, yet so thoroughly and perfectly wedding words to music that every thrilling syllable was heard distinctly. And Roselius felt a passion more intense, and perhaps as pure, as that which now filled the heart of his nephew. Albert had always loved her, but she had not been so to near to him as to Roselius. She had become a part of his very existence. It seemed as natural to see her as to waken in the morning. People had speculated upon his marriage with her, and he had allowed it—his sister and niece were not the only persons who foresaw the result. And if their malicious shafts could have wounded her fair reputation, she had long ago been deserted, but her pure presence seemed to bring with it a magnetic attraction that of itself gave assurance of her sweet innocence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Be not vacillating in your purposes: let not every bright meteor that shoots across your path attract you to new aims. This would be to make your life but as whirling sands borne about by every fickle wind.

The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

Archbishop Usher says: "If good people would but make their goodness agreeable, and smile instead of howling in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause."

## The Way Through.

A Sequel to the Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

It was noon the next day before Janet and Wealthy met again. Both looked as though they had grown years older during the past night. Towards morning Janet's overstrained nerves had given way, and she had fallen into the heavy slumber of utter prostration, from which she did not arouse until nearly mid-day.

Wealthy Dana tried to be polite to her guest, but Janet saw what it cost her to be simply this. She knew with the first glance that her very presence was painful to her friend, who had been. She knew, too, that Wealthy regretted the promise that Janet's solemn adjuration had extorted from her—that she had fortified herself anew in faith in Ralph Brainerd, which, for one moment, had perhaps been slightly shaken.

No allusion was made to him on either side, but there was a silent defiance in Wealthy's face and manner, which Janet understood.

All feeling, however, of indignation or wounded self-love was drowned in pity for her friend. She had risen to that height which our human nature seldom attains, when self is wholly lost sight of.

She did not, in her deepest thought, accuse Wealthy of ingratitude, as was most natural. She entered with her keen sympathies into all the feelings which at this crisis would be likely to take possession of Wealthy's soul, and would result in defiance and anger.

The talk flagged drearily on both sides, although both made spasmodic efforts to keep up some show of conversation on commonplace subjects, when their thoughts were so full of what each avoided. If Wealthy could have looked in Janet's eyes, the sad pity which they held must have found its way to a heart which, despite its faults, was quick and tender as a child's. But Janet's face was not pleasant to her then. In her heart she almost hated her, and averted her gaze as much as was possible.

So there was nothing for Janet to do but to wait, and pray God to speed and to keep from all mischance of storm, or delay of accident, Guy Humphreys.

After dinner was over, and the young ladies had returned to the sitting-room, and the conversation had trickled over a good

many topics, in which neither felt the shadow of any interest, Wealthy said to her guest—

"I've got a dreary sort of headache. Will you excuse me if I lie down for an hour? There are some portraits of our family and fine landscapes in our parlor which I think will interest you. John knows their names, and will take a great deal of pride in displaying them."

She had rung the bell before Janet could reply. Indeed, the latter was too much absorbed to have any thought about herself, and would probably have followed submissively whatever Wealthy suggested at that moment. John made his appearance in a moment. He was an old serving-man, who had been in the family since his boyhood, and was devoted to its interests heart and soul. Janet had often heard Wealthy speak of him, for her mother, with whom he had grown up, had always treated him as an humble friend rather than a servant.

John Bell was by birth an Englishman, but his parents had died soon after their removal to this country. He had no near living relatives. His wife had died young, and with that peculiar tenacity of affection which was a part of his nature, he had never allowed her place to be superseded.

Mrs. Dana, the mother of Wealthy, was not out of her tenth year when John Bell came, a clumsy, overgrown boy, to her father's roof. He had never forgotten the sweet-faced little girl, who looked at him curiously, and smiled at him kindly, and always had a pleasant word for him, until they grew familiar with each other, and she learned to confide all her childish joys and sorrows to him.

After Mrs. Dana's marriage, John still remained in the family. Indeed, nothing could ever induce him to leave it, and the attachment he had felt for Wealthy's parents, was on their death concentrated on their only child.

John was trustworthy in every respect, diligent, shrewd and faithful in all his affairs. He had the whole management of the grounds, and in some sense, of all Wealthy's interests.

John had a square, stolid figure, with a quantity of brownish, red hair, a little obstinate and inflexible, like its owner. He had large, rugged features, with a wide, in-surrender sort of mouth. Wealthy always insisted laughingly, that there was a kind of "picturesque homeliness" about John's face. The eyes were its best feature—bright, deep-set, you would neither doubt his honesty nor

sagacity, would you but once get a look at them.

Janet had only seen the man once, when he had come up the preceding evening to receive some orders from Wealthy, and had remained in the room a few minutes, as was his habit. His young mistress had presented him to her guest, and Janet had not failed to observe the cordial grasp of his hand, nor the smile which illuminated the homely face of the serving-man, as he said, "I've heard a good deal about you, ma'am."

But he had evidently detected something was wrong before he left the room. To-day, in as few words as possible, Wealthy confided Janet to his care. The latter followed the faithful old serving-man down stairs and into the great parlor, and watched him as he removed the wrappings from the portraits and pictures. Under other circumstances, they would have furnished her with interest and delight for the afternoon. The large old parlor seemed suddenly stained with a glow of warm mist from the landscapes of American views. And then, there was Wealthy's father and mother, the stately gentleman, the gentle, fair-haired lady, whose only child combined many of the physical and mental qualities of both her parents.

Janet, however, gazed on as one in a dream. She was wondering all the time whether Ralph Brainerd would arrive that night; and if he did, whether he would not suspect something was wrong, and force his way at all hazards into Wealthy Dana's presence.

John Bell darted at her several times a keen glance from under those shaggy eyebrows of his, where the gray eyes burned bright and steady. At last, he spoke—

"You don't seem to enjoy the pictures to-day, ma'am."

This speech aroused her.

"I should, John, under other circumstances; but I have some anxiety on my mind, which excludes everything else."

"Is it about her?" nodding in the direction of the door.

Janet turned and looked at him. The rough, honest face bore her scrutiny well. In her perplexity and fear, a sudden impulse seized her to confide in this man. He might help her. He only could prevent Ralph Brainerd's entrance that night, if the latter was bent on effecting it.

She remembered, too, all that his mistress had told her of John's marvellous intuitions of character, and how she had never known his

opinion of any person to fail sooner or later to justify itself.

"Yes, John, it is about her," answered Janet.

"I knew something was wrong from her face. It is the first time she ever kept any trouble away from me."

Janet did not know what Wealthy did, that Ralph Brainerd was no favorite with John. He had never said this; but his young mistress knew his manner too well not to detect it, and this accounted for her failing to confide in him at this crisis.

Ralph Brainerd had taken especial pains to conciliate the faithful old friend of the family, but through the blandishments of his speech and manner, the sturdy soul of John Bell had in a vague way penetrated to something hard and false beneath. Still, he could get hold of nothing to convince himself or his mistress of the truth of what he discerned so dimly; and so he watched the progress of the engagement with a kind of impotent sullenness.

Janet's next speech came in broken, half incoherent sentences; but John grasped the meaning of each. His rugged face was all alert now, kindled into a greedy eagerness.

"I came here all alone, to save her. She will not believe me. He is a vile, wicked man."

"Ralph Brainerd, do you mean, ma'am?"

"Yes, I mean him, John," the question calming and clearing her thought and speech.

"I thought as much," said John Bell. "I al'ays feared there was somethin' wrong and rotten behind that smooth, slick tongue, and them soft manners o' his. Oh, Miss Strong!" and the pathos which emote through his voice and his face would have touched a heart harder than Janet's—"I love that child as I did the little one I laid years ago by the side of her mother, out yonder in the graveyard; and if any harm should come down on her bright, young head, that I've dandled so often when it was a little baby's, and she fatherless and motherless now, it would jest be worse than death to me! And if he's a bad man, he isn't a-goin' to have my Miss Wealthy, if I shoot him, first," getting up, and clenching his hard hand.

"He is a bad man. I cannot tell you, John, how I came to know it—only, it is the living truth, he crossed the path of a young, pretty, innocent girl in humble life, and with fewer friends to protect her than your young mistress has. He won her heart—you will not wonder at that—and persuaded her to elope



with him, and they were married, as she thought. And then in a little while, when he grew tired of her, he told her the marriage was all a mockery and a lie. She ran away from him, and after awhile the poor, broken-hearted little thing went home to her old mother and her young brother to die. "He broke her heart, and he broke the old mother's, and they lie side by side, now, the two lonely graves, crying day and night unto God for vengeance on the head of their murderer—that man whom Wealthy Dana is to marry to-morrow night, and I have come here to save her, and she will not believe this, and she has ceased to love me." And the slow tears ran down the grieved, flushed face that sat before John Bell.

An oath—the first one which he had ever uttered—a curse on the head of Ralph Brainerd, slipped out of the lips of John Bell.

"Oh, don't—don't, John; it's wicked!" said Janet.

"I know it is; the Lord forgive me! But when I think of that villain's comin' here, with his lyin' tongue and smooth ways, and stealin' the heart of that darlin' child, and her father and mother in their grave, as it seems, must rise from it if they knew—it makes me long to get my hands on him." His face ablaze up to the roots of his thick hair—"I can see through him now, plain as a window—"it's Miss Wealthy's fortin' he's after."

"I have no doubt of that, John. But will he be here to-night, do you think?"

"Most likely. He's been a hangin' 'round pretty steady for the last month."

"But she has given me her solemn promise that she will not see him until her cousin, Guy Humphreys, comes, who will be here some time to-morrow; but if Ralph Brainerd suspects anything wrong, he will make his way through any obstacles into Wealthy's presence."

"He'll have to do it over my dead body, then, confound the villain, savin' your presence, ma'am," answered John, setting his sturdy figure into an attitude of defiance which few men would care to encounter.

And then it was all arranged between them. John was to wait on the door that evening. He would secure every bolt and fastening, so that it would be impossible for any stranger to gain admittance. John's rule was absolute in the domestic department, for various reasons, and he was certain of coadjutors there, if circumstances required them.

The short December day was drawing into night, while these two were laying their plans to defeat Ralph Brainerd. It would not do

for Janet to remain any longer away from her hostess; but as they left the parlor, the chambermaid came suddenly upon John, and said to him—

"I've been searchin' for you everywhere. Miss Wealthy wants to see you in her room."

John went up stairs at once, with a suspicion of the nature of his young mistress's orders, which proved to be the true one.

"I'm sick this evening, John," she said. "There, don't ask me any questions," with a nervous avoidance of the whole subject. "You shall know all in time; but I cannot see any person who calls before some part of to-morrow—not even Mr. Brainerd; should he arrive to-night, which I faintly expect. You must wait on the door faithfully, for I do not choose to confide my orders in this matter to the servants;" and she turned her head away in a manner that said more plainly than words, she did not wish any comments on her singular orders.

John stopped a moment, his heart yearning over the proud, pale face that buried itself against the cushions of the easy chair, locking its perplexity and silence underneath, in frigid reticence.

There was no mother, he thought, for the young heart to go to in its grief and pain; and he drew his hard, horny hand across his eyes, and left the room.

Wealthy was perfectly aware that John's acuteness would lead him across straight to some suspicion that all was not right betwixt her and Ralph Brainerd, but she was too wretched to mind that now. Indeed, she was just then in a state of proud, sullen indignation with all the world.

Janet found her much as she had left her; the same forced politeness, which was harder to bear than the bitterest upbraidings.

They were both more reticent than in the morning, for Wealthy was brooding darkly over the orders which her promise to Janet had compelled her to give, in case Ralph Brainerd should arrive, and wondering whether he would be offended at her refusal to see him, and telling herself that the story which Janet had related was all a foul slander on her betrothed, invented by the man who had sought his life. And below, John Bell, that faithful old serving-man, who would have gone to prison or to death for the love which he bore his young mistress, was carefully securing every lock and door, and accounting for this unusual proceeding on his part to the cook and housemaid, by assuring them in a tone of voice

which carried immense weight with it, that he had "good reasons for fearin' somebody might be tryin' to get into the house that night, that had better by all odds keep out."

Of course, their superstitions and fears flowed directly about ghosts and burglars. There was no use, however, to question John, when he was disposed to keep his own counsel. But he had gained his object. He was certain that no one would leave the house that night or loosen a fastening without his knowledge.

The dreary supper was over at last, and the two girls had gone up stairs once more. Both of them went to the windows, and put aside the curtains. It was a still night, not cold for the season, though one smooth white linen of snow covered everything. Clouds dark and broken scattered themselves all over the sky, and golden rills of stars shone betwixt them.

"Do you think Guy will be here in the early train?" asked Wealthy, coming nearer to all that was in the thoughts of both by this question than she had done that day.

"I hope so. It will depend upon the time that my message reached him."

And just then the girls caught the far-off shriek of the locomotive, clutched up eagerly by the echoes among the distant hills, and shaken back and forth. Did that train bring Ralph Brainerd? Janet asked this question with a shiver, and Wealthy did with another, of tenderness, and anger, and self-reproach, such as had held tumultuous possession of her soul all day.

The eyes of both turned simultaneously towards the distant cleft in the hills, out of which the locomotive always came, with its plunge and snort, and glare of its lights, like some hunted behemoth of the wilderness. In a moment, they heard its rush and cry. The next, it thundered out, the blue and crimson lights flashing and throbbing along the darkness. It plunged past them towards the little depot, a mile off, from which Janet had come the night before. Then the girls turned and looked at each other, knowing well what was in each heart, but neither spoke.

The evening papers had been brought in, and Wealthy offered one to Janet, and took another herself. Neither, however, could have told a line of what she read. For the next hour they sat together, with white faces and strained sense, starting at every sound.

Ralph Brainerd had told Wealthy that it was doubtful whether circumstances would not detain him until the following night. How eagerly she hoped now that they would prevent

his coming. But it was not to be. In her heart each of the girls had begun to congratulate herself that he had been detained, when the loud peal of the door-bell, reaching up to the distant sitting-room, put all such hopes to flight.

Both of the girls started at that sound as though a blow had hurt them, and a quick groan slipped out of Wealthy Dana's lips, half of it caught back and stifled under her next breath. And in the intent listening which followed, they heard John's heavy tread, as he moved along the passage, and the unbolting of the door.

For the next two minutes their senses, almost preternaturally acute, caught no sound; then the door suddenly swung to, with a sharp, angry clang, as though some one, seeking to enter forcibly, was shut out.

Wealthy Dana's self-possession, which she had maintained during the day, was fast forsaking her. She shivered from head to foot, and then suddenly sprang up and turned to Janet, while her eyes blazed fiercely—

"What did you come here for, Janet Strong, and extort out of my weakness a promise that I would not see Ralph Brainerd to-night—the man for whose sake I would give up every other friend I have on earth?"

"I have told you *why*, Wealthy." It was all the defence Janet made. I think at that moment she wished that she had not come.

Wealthy took no notice. She went on, in a hurried, passionate way—

"It is cruel to treat him like this. He will not understand my refusal to see him, and will be justly hurt and offended. And if he insists on coming in, I know John well enough. They will have high words together."

"I hope not. I would prevent that if I could," said Janet, hardly knowing what she said, in the misery and excitement of the moment.

Wealthy caught at her speech.

"You can, Janet," her words hurrying themselves along her passionate voice. "Just go down stairs and tell Ralph from me, that I regret not seeing him to-night—that I surely will to-morrow."

"Oh, Wealthy, do not ask me to see—to speak to that man!" and a shudder of terror, despite herself, shook the pale face of Janet Strong.

Wealthy saw it. In a moment, the anger and the passionate entreaty were quenched in her eyes. Her face settled into a deadly calm of fixed purpose. She walked to the door.

Then she turned and said, in slow, dead-level tones—

"I shall keep my promise; but I shall go down and give my own message to John, as you refuse to take it."

Janet was at her side now. There was no more to be done.

"Go back, Wealthy; I will take it." And Wealthy went.

When Janet reached the front door, she found it locked. Outside, though, she heard angry voices.

John Bell's downright honesty prevented his being a good actor at any time. In this instance, he had hardly tried to be; the aversion and wrath that overflowed his soul could not be absolutely held back from his voice, when he delivered the message from his young mistress to her betrothed.

He delivered her words faithfully, and perhaps a stranger would not have detected anything unusual in his manner; but Ralph Brainerd did. His suspicions always had the alertness of an evil man, who had no faith in others, because he had none in himself; and there were especial reasons why they were unusually active at this time.

All his attempts to conciliate John were useless. He was inflexible, and at last, alarmed and angered, Ralph Brainerd lost his temper, and insisted that he must and would see Miss Dana that night.

John swung the door heavily to. It was fastened by a night-lock, of which he only had the key, and he planted his heavy figure in the way.

"You'll get over my dead body first," growled John Bell, under his locked teeth.

Ralph Brainerd looked at him in wrath and indecision. He was a famous wrestler, although John had five times his strength of muscle. He did not doubt but he could throw the man if he closed in with him; but there were several reasons why he disliked to have a personal encounter with Wealthy Dana's serving-man.

He knew the position which John occupied in the family, and his influence over his young mistress, and he feared that he might injure his cause and demean himself in her eyes with the first blow which he struck; but he was bent on seeing Wealthy that night at all hazards.

As for John, his wrath got the mastery of him. His answers were certainly calculated to enrage Ralph Brainerd, each one growing more surly or defiant, and it was in the midst

of the loud, angry talk betwixt the two men that Janet's voice broke—

"Open the door, John."

He recognized it. Ralph Brainerd did not, having no suspicion that she was there, and fancying it was Wealthy who spoke now.

"I can't do it, ma'am. This is no place for you now," answered John sturdily, at the key-hole.

Ralph Brainerd pressed up closely.

"Open the door, you rascal!" he demanded, in a threatening voice, but so low that the lady inside could not hear.

"John, you can trust me. I must come out, or a worse thing will happen. Open the door," said soft and firm the voice of Janet Strong.

John hesitated a moment. He looked at Ralph Brainerd, who stood close by his side.

"Walk down there, and I'll do it," was his ultimatum, as he pointed to the lowest of the high flight of stone steps, with the air of one who was master.

The man whom he addressed looked doubtful a moment; but his desire to see Wealthy, and to learn what was at the bottom of this singular affair, overmastered any scruples which his pride or his judgment might entertain at complying with the old servant's ultimatum. Ralph Brainerd always trusted more to his personal influence over others, than to anything else, and the result usually showed his wisdom.

He walked down on the lower step, thus putting it out of his power to cross the threshold. John unlocked the door, drew a lady swiftly out, whipped it to with a heavy bang, and Janet Strong stood on the steps. In the darkness the other could not see. He sprang forward, his voice full of eager tenderness, "Wealthy"—

"It is not Wealthy," said the soft, strange voice in the dark, faintly penetrated by the starlight.

He knew her tones now. He had a keen ear for voices—

"Miss Strong, is it you?"

In his amazement and disappointment he forgot to offer her his hand. This night Ralph Brainerd was not just himself.

"My friend requests me to give you her regrets that she cannot see you this evening, but she will to-morrow."

"But there are reasons that make an interview absolutely imperative this evening. What is the cause of her refusal?" now doubly alarmed at seeing her guest. and

"You shall know all to-morrow—when Mr. Humphreys is here."

The words only increased his vague alarm. Certainly any affianced lover would have had reason to complain of such treatment from his betrothed.

"Are you quite alone with her?" asked Mr. Brainerd.

"Yes; quite alone," not knowing whether it was wisest to tell him the truth; but she was not used to prevarication.

"Miss Strong," with the old insinuating voice and manner, "will you be kind enough to take a message from me to Miss Dana?"

"I had rather you would not entrust me with it. Wait until to-morrow," answered Janet, hardly knowing what she said.

Then Ralph Brainerd knew at once that whatever evil stood betwixt him and Wealthy, this girl was in some sense at the bottom of it. He drew close to Janet Strong, and laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a low, determined voice, while the fiend which was in him, glared for a moment out of the eyes of Ralph Brainerd—

"I must and will see Wealthy Dana this night, no matter what plots you or this man may have laid to prevent it!"

There certainly was a threat in the man's voice. He had lost his self-possession. Of a certainty, for that one night, the devil did not help Ralph Brainerd.

"Take your hands off that lady, sir," blazed up John Bell, at this moment.

"Oh, John, don't—don't," pleaded Janet, for blows always lay beyond words of that kind.

"You and she are leagued against me. Take that for your insolence," said Ralph Brainerd, and he dealt a blow with his left hand—a blow that fell where he did not intend it. For Janet Strong stood betwixt him and John Bell. There was a faint shriek. Janet reeled and fell off the steps, striking her forehead on their sharp edge, making a long, ugly black bruise; had it been an inch nearer her temples, it must have killed her.

Whatever were Ralph Brainerd's evil deeds, striking women was certainly not amongst them. He took delight sometimes in the refinements of cruelty; he might possibly in certain moods enjoy seeing his victim writhe helplessly in his power; but he did not enjoy disorder and violence. He could have cursed himself the next moment that his rage had leaped out and fallen on Janet. And

it gave his enemy an immense advan-

tage over him, for John Bell did not wait longer.

The strife betwixt the two men was short, but it seemed to Janet as she lay there in a half-conscious state, and listened to the heavy thud of the blows, that it was deadly on both sides. Under ordinary circumstances, John Bell's great muscular strength would have been no match for the skill of his well-trained antagonist, but that night it seemed as though eye and arm had failed Ralph Brainerd. He did, at first, well-nigh succeed in throwing his heavy opponent; but John just escaped this fate, and the blows from that heavy fist were like those from a sledge hammer. Ralph Brainerd had the full force of several of these; he staggered under them.

As John afterwards expressed himself with a low, triumphant chuckle, "the fight was pretty well taken out of him for that night;" he saw that he must make an ignoble retreat, or that he would suffer a sound beating at the hands of his opponent, and it was not a pleasant prospect, after the few admonitions which he had received from John's fists, and of which he would be likely to have frequent reminders for several days to come.

There was evidently no use in trying to force his way into the house; he glanced at the prostrate figure on the grass, muttered a fearful anathema, and walked off with a somewhat unsteady step to the hotel. As soon as he was outside the gate John picked up Janet,

"Has he killed you?" was his first question.

"Oh, no, John. You must help me into the house, though. What have you done to him?"

"Given him about a tenth part of as sound a drubbing as I wanted to. I reckon we won't be troubled with him any more to-night."

"Wealthy must know nothing of all this. If she believed he had suffered any injury at your hands, she would go to him at once."

John saw the truth of this. He opened the door softly, and set Janet inside. She insisted that she must go at once to Wealthy, and John although he disliked to have her mount the stairs alone, was glad to escape seeing his mistress until he should recover from his strong excitement.

It was hardly five minutes since Janet had left the room, when she returned; they seemed like so many hours to Wealthy. She was pacing the floor, with her white, agitated face. She turned greedily towards Janet as she opened the door,

"Have you seen him?"



"Yes, Wealthy, and told him what you said."

"And what did he reply?"

"At first he insisted upon seeing you; but— but, afterwards he went away."

Then Wealthy Dana sat down, and burst into a storm of miserable, passionate sobs, and betwixt them she hurled the bitter, pent-up anger of the day at Janet—

"See what you have done, Janet Strong. You have come betwixt me and the man whom I love and who loves me, and made me the most wretched of women. You have sent him away from me, doubting my heart, and perhaps he will never come back," wringing her hands and half beside herself as this thought suggested itself. "Oh, Janet Strong, from this hour I shall hate you."

"Wealthy!" the name died in a little faint gasp. Janet reached her hands out blindly, and the next moment came down with a sharp sound on the floor.

Wealthy sprang towards her. She caught sight of the long, dark bruise on Janet's forehead, and above that the blood was oozing out from the torn skin. The sight created a great revulsion in Wealthy's feelings, or rather brought her to her senses, for she had been half frenzied before.

"Oh, Janet—Janet, have I killed you?" she shrieked, trying to lift up the deadly pale face. "What have I said?"

At that moment John knocked at the door, and on opening it caught sight of his mistress kneeling by the prostrate form of her guest.

"Oh, John, what does it mean? Janet, do look up, do speak, do forgive me," cried Wealthy.

John lifted up the small form and laid it on the lounge, catching sight of the bruised cheek now.

"Poor little thing," he muttered. "I thought he'd hurt her worse than she'd own up to. That man's the devil, Miss Wealthy," turning wrathfully on his mistress, and forgetting all need of caution.

"Who do you mean, John?" staring at him out of her bright bewildered eyes, in a great doubt and anguish.

"I mean Ralph Brainerd."

"What has he done?" she gasped.

"Done! Why he just knocked her off the steps, after she give him your message, and came pretty near costing her her life. I reckon that's about enough for one night."

Wealthy Dana crept up to Janet's side, and

laid her cheek down on the bruised cheek of her friend. "I wish I could die, oh, I wish I could die!" she said.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

The morning train did not bring Guy Humphreys, neither did Mr. Brainerd present himself at the house, which was somewhat remarkable, as the bruises which he had received could not have been of a sufficiently serious character to keep him in-doors.

As for Wealthy, a great revulsion had taken place in her feelings towards Janet. The sight of that bruised face had brought back all her old tenderness. She would not have left Janet's bedside that night had she been able to sit up; but John at last took her forcibly in his arms and carried her to her own room, and the chambermaid slept in the same apartment with Janet, who needed rest and quiet more than anything else, after she was restored to consciousness.

The sight of that bruised face affected Wealthy with a shuddering horror. A vague doubt or dread of Ralph Brainerd took possession of her.

She questioned John about all which had transpired on the steps, hanging greedily upon every word, and interrupting the narrative every moment with her swift, imperious questions.

John related every word, but when he described the encounter betwixt himself and Ralph Brainerd, as a "little tussle in which neither party did any damage, and only drove the breath out of the other," it is very doubtful whether the gentleman would not have considerably intensified this extremely mild statement of the facts.

Wealthy made no remarks at the conclusion, but the passion of her manner was all gone out of the pale, still face; her large brown eyes looked with some of the sense of loss and anguish which brooded over her soul. Yet if the blow was to fall at its heaviest, it would not strike at the roots of Wealthy Dana's life. Her affection for Ralph Brainerd had been of too sudden development; it owed much to his own personal magnetism, and much to Wealthy's fancies and tastes, to draw upon any vital forces of her life or love. It was vehement and demonstrative—at least as much so as was possible to one of Wealthy Dana's nature, but the tributaries which fed the stream had, after all, no deep immortal sources. Ralph Brainerd had dazzled and charmed her; so has many a man, many a woman, older and

wiser than she. A circumstance transpired that day which John laid away in his memory and did not repeat to his mistress until months afterwards.

The old clergyman who had married and buried Miss Dana's father and mother, rode up to the door about twilight. John saw him, and to him he delivered the message which his mistress had given him for all callers—"She was too ill to see any one that day."

The face of the old man under its silver-gray hairs fell into a sudden gravity.

"I am extremely sorry to hear that. Mr. Brainerd called on me last evening on his way up from the depot, and requested my attendance here at this time, saying that he expected to have a brief, but to him very important, rite celebrated at this hour. His manner left me no doubt that it was his marriage with Miss Dana to which he alluded."

"He meant to be in a hurry, the rascal," thought John.

Mr. Stebbins was a faithful friend of the family, and for a moment an impulse seized John to confide to him the jeopardy and worse than death in which his young mistress was placed. But John carried the fine instincts of a true and generous soul beneath that rough, stolid front of his. He informed the clergyman that no wedding rites would be celebrated under the roof that day, and the old pastor took his usual stately leave in a somewhat perplexed and mystified frame of mind.

If it had not been for Janet Strong, Ralph Brainerd and Wealthy Dana would have been wedded husband and wife before the next train came in. But at last Janet heard the shrill shriek of the distant train, as she lay in the bed which she had not left that day.

Fifteen minutes later the bell gave a peal, which seemed to carry life or death in it. Hasty feet tramped up the stairs, the sitting-room door was thrown hastily open, and Mr. Winchester entered.

Wealthy sat there alone. Some presentiment of coming evil held her to her chair. She turned towards her uncle and cousin, but she could not speak. The words swelled and died in her throat—a cold, sick shudder went from head to foot. The gentlemen rushed forward.

"You are not married, Wealthy?" they cried, simultaneously.

"No—oh, Uncle Guy, what does it mean?" implored the poor girl.

"Thank God, thank God!" they both cried, and her uncle in his relief seized her in his

arms, and covered her face with kisses of joy. It was so unlike him.

"Where is Brainerd?—where is Janet?" asked Guy Humphreys, glancing about the room.

"Janet is ill in her chamber. Ralph Brainerd has not been here to-day."

The gentlemen exchanged significant glances.

"Got wind of the facts, eh, Guy?" said the elder one.

"Quite likely."

Then Mr. Humphreys looked at his cousin with pity and exultation.

"What is it? Tell me the worst, Guy," she cried, shivering from head to foot.

"Can you bear it, my poor child?"

"Yes, for I have heard Janet's story."

"Father, you tell her," said Guy, evidently finding the task too heavy a one for him.

And Mr. Winchester took his niece in his arms and hid the pale face on his shoulder, and told her the new infamy which had come to light the day before of the man to whom she was betrothed. It was briefly this. Ralph Brainerd was fastidious in his tastes, self-indulgent, and extravagant. Naturally indolent, too, he had exhausted his means, which were always limited. He had fallen into debt, he was annoyed by creditors, which was especially obnoxious to a man like him. There was a large commercial firm with whose partners he was on intimate social relations, and for whom he had conducted some litigations when abroad. He had several times accompanied the youngest partner to the bank where the book of the firm was deposited. One day he went alone. He was known to all the officers of the bank. He wished to consult the book a moment, at the desire, as he affirmed, of his friend. It was handed to him without a suspicion. He subtracted five thousand dollars, and altered the figures to correspond with the amount withdrawn. This was several weeks ago. There was no probability that the crime would have been discovered for several more; but it was, by the merest accident.

This was the first time Ralph Brainerd had infringed the letter of the law. There was no shadow of doubt but, as Wealthy Dana's husband, he could have obtained sufficient control of her fortune to restore the amount withdrawn before the detection of his crime. And this, no doubt, amongst many other motives, had induced him to hasten, with all the arts of which he was master, the consummation of their marriage.

Mr. Winchester had learned the tidings the

day previous, and had hastened to Dayton, hoping to be in time to prevent the nuptials, in a frame of mind that may possibly be imagined, and he had intersected his son-in-law at one of the junctions on the route. Each had a story to tell that made the faces of these strong men pale.

"My poor little girl," said her uncle, "I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. It is a terrible blow, I know. But try and think of all from which you have been delivered."

And Wealthy did not answer. She kept the shame and anguish of her face hidden on the kindly shoulder of her uncle, and wishing that she need never lift it again in this world.

"Yes, try and think of that, Wealthy," said Guy, walking up and down the room. "I never shall forgive myself for introducing him to you under my roof. But who could have suspected the fellow was such a 'cut and dried' villain? My confidence in my own judgment has had a terrible shaking."

"So has mine," said his father-in-law. "In the course of my life I have been brought in contact with all sorts of men, but I must say that Ralph Brainerd is the most successful villain that ever crossed my path."

At that moment the door opened.

"Janet, Janet!" cried Guy Humphreys, hurrying forward. He stood still the next moment, with a shocked face, as he caught the black blue bruise on her cheek. "Why, what has happened to you?"

Then Wealthy sprang up from her uncle's arms and rushed forward.

"Oh, Janet, Janet, you have saved me!"

A passion of grief and gratitude thrilled along her voice, and Wealthy Dana lay in a dead faint at the feet of Janet Strong.

And that very hour Ralph Brainerd was on his way to Europe, a disappointed, desperate man, fleeing his country. The burden of his crime had lain heavily for weeks—not on his conscience, but on his fears. It was a new and anything but an agreeable feeling to know that if his crime was discovered he would be a branded felon. His fears got in some sense the mastery of even his cool judgment.

The singular refusal of his betrothed to see him on the eve of their marriage, and his encounter with John, in which he was decidedly worsted, did not tend to reassure him. He returned to the hotel, passed a sleepless night, contemplating every possible reason except the right one for Wealthy's behaviour,

and at last working himself into a fear, that to any unimpassioned judge acquainted with all the circumstances would have seemed most improbable, that his crime had come to light. Before dawn his resolve was taken. It was best to know the worst, in order to provide against it.

Somewhat stiff and sore he took the early train for New York. He reached the city, and learned—no matter by what means—of the discovery of his crime. A steamer for Europe lay at the wharf ready to start. Two hours later he was on his way.

Surely in some sense Margaret Ritter had been avenged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Kings and Queens of England.

CHARLES II.

Charles II. was proclaimed king May 8, 1660, and a committee was sent to France to invite him to return and take possession of the throne. He arrived in England in a few weeks, and the people were overjoyed to see the legitimate monarch on the throne, after twelve years of tyranny and anarchy. Charles was easy and indolent, addicted to pleasure and averse to business; his countenance was agreeable, he was cheerful, and graceful in his deportment, with a good figure and engaging manners. He was thirty years old at the time of his return, having been an exile for thirteen years. His restoration was effected in such an agitation of the public mind as precluded every deliberation and precaution that prudence ought to have suggested, and his whole reign exhibits a repetition of struggles similar to those that had occurred under the first two kings of the house of Stuart.

At the commencement of his reign the parliament, that had been called, inquired into the murder of his father. Of the eighty men who gave sentence against him only ten were put to death; but Cromwell, whose body had been deposited with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, was considered a proper object of resentment; his body was taken from the grave, dragged to the place of execution, and after hanging some time, was buried under the gallows. The bodies of General Ireton, and Bradshaw, the president of the court which condemned the late king, met with the same fate, being disinterred, executed, and buried under the gallows. Charles disbanded the army, which was difficult to manage, and formed

a body guard, in imitation of the practice of other European kingdoms, which was the first establishment of the kind in England, but was necessary in those fanatical times. Charles being an elegant person, of pleasing address and engaging manners, was well calculated to support and increase his popularity; his first measures gave general satisfaction, but he was too indolent for business, and took no care to reward his friends. The majority of those who had placed him in power were presbyterians, but he disregarded their wishes, and soon reestablished the Episcopal Church in England, and was very desirous to introduce it into Scotland, which was a difficult task; but finally the solemn league and covenant were revoked, and the church was brought to a conformity with that of England. The presbyterians became dissatisfied, their services they considered rewarded with ingratitude, though they had not rendered them from any affection for the king, but to free themselves from the tyranny of the independents. Charles caused the act of uniformity to be passed, which was designed to destroy the presbyterian religion and interest. The consequence was that two thousand ministers of this denomination chose to resign their livings, rather than subscribe their assent to the Book of Common Prayer. All who did not conform to the established church were called dissenters, whatever might be their religious faith; by this confusion each sect was charged with the faults of all the others. Many left the kingdom, to enjoy in foreign countries that liberty of conscience which was denied them in their native land.

It was in the reign of his grandfather, James I., that the Plymouth pilgrims left their homes and country for conscience' sake; but James's attachment to the established church was only to secure the stability of his crown. So Charles had no regard for the church only as it was a support to his throne, and never showed any regard for religion but for political purposes. Charles I. was called the Martyr; he was more sincere in his religion, but he regarded all dissenters as enemies to the throne, and persecuted them, though with less severity, because his power was limited. In his reign the sect of Quakers arose. Their founder was George Fox. They led quiet and peaceful lives.

The luxury and extravagance of Charles II. were regarded by the people with great dissatisfaction. The national character and manners had undergone a great change in the reign of Cromwell; the nation had assumed an

air of puritanical stiffness and republican severity. All kinds of diversions, all splendid gayety and extravagant expenses were condemned as sinful. The feudal system in England no longer existed. Charles did not please the people; he was averse to business and addicted to pleasure. But his brother James, the Duke of York, was active, resolute, and persevering; he had gained an entire ascendancy over Charles, he directed the councils and managed all the affairs of the nation. Charles had dismissed the Earl of Clarendon, who had attended him during his exile, and who in the early part of his reign had the chief influence in his councils, and by his integrity and wisdom the government was conducted for a time with justice and moderation. His dissolute associates had long meditated the destruction of Lord Clarendon, whose virtue and integrity made him the particular object of their dislike. Charles, disregarding his faithful services and the wisdom which had contributed to strengthen him on the throne, acceded to their wishes, and removed this great statesman, who was some check upon their vices, and sentenced him to banishment; but he never prospered afterwards.

It was in this reign that a violent plague broke out in London, of which ninety thousand persons died. In less than a year after the commencement of the plague, a great fire occurred in London. It began September 3, 1666, and continued three days. Thirteen thousand houses and eighty-four churches were destroyed. Since this fire, London has never been troubled by the plague, as many houses were burnt which could not be purified by admitting fresh air.

The Royal Observatory, at Greenwich, was founded by Charles II. The Habeas Corpus law was enacted in this reign, which has been adopted in the United States, and can be set aside only in times of rebellion or war. Milton, Dryden, Sydney, Butler, Waller, Cowley, and many other distinguished writers, lived at this time. Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, was employed to rebuild the public edifices destroyed by the fire. From his designs, St. Paul's and fifty-seven other churches were built. He died at the age of ninety-one. Sir Matthew Hale, a wise and excellent man and a learned judge, and Bishop Wilkins, a man of great talent and merit, were also among the noted men. Tea was first used in England at this time.

The king's natural son, the Duke of Monmouth, and a few of his associates, formed a



conspiracy against the king, called the Rye-house plot. He proposed the assassination of his father, and the usurpation of the crown, but failed to perpetrate the crime, and left the country. About half the conspirators were put to death, one of whom was Lord Russell, son of the Duke of Bedford, who was induced to favor the plot from the conviction that Popery would be restored if James, Duke of York, came to the throne. The celebrated Algernon Sydney was also executed. These two were noblemen with many good qualities, and very popular, and were condemned on perjured evidence, they not favoring any plan for destroying the king.

Charles, towards the close of his reign, attained absolute power. It was surprising that the people should peaceably surrender all their rights and privileges, to acquire which so much blood and treasure had been expended. Historians ascribe the tyranny of the king to the counsels of his brother James, who studied to render his power despotic.

The moral and religious character of Charles had nothing to entitle it to praise. His attachment to pleasure, his aversion to business, and his ingratitude, have been equally the subjects of censure. He believed there was no such thing in the world as sincerity, and his libertinism influenced the court and people. He was too indolent to engage in many wars. He sold Dunkirk, because he needed money to continue his prodigality. But the nation increased in wealth, and commerce flourished in his reign. He died February 6, 1685, at the age of fifty-five, having reigned twenty-five years. Some historians speak of his reigning thirty-six years; but he can be reckoned a sovereign only from the date of his restoration. When dying, he refused the sacrament from a priest of the Protestant church, and said to his brother James—"I would give everything in the world to have a Catholic priest." His brother replied—"I will bring one to you, though it cost me my life." James brought a priest in disguise, by a secret staircase, through the queen's chamber, who administered the sacrament and the rites of the Romish church.

#### CATHARINE, QUEEN OF CHARLES II.

Catharine was the only daughter of Juan IV., king of Portugal. Her mother, Queen Luiza, was a woman of great learning, talents and virtues. Catharine was born November 25, 1638, and was educated in a convent. She was married, when in her twenty-fourth year,

to Charles, and arrived at Hampton Court on the 29th of May, 1662, being the thirty-second anniversary of the king's birth, and the second of his restoration. Her father, before he came to the throne, was John, Duke of Braganza. He was very rich in money and in lands, being in peaceful possession of estates comprising not less than one-third of the kingdom. Catharine's marriage-portion was greater than any other queen of England had brought to the nation; besides five hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, the possession of Tangier, at that time a place of great strength and importance, free trade with Brazil and the East Indies, and the island of Bombay, with its towns and castles. The cession of Bombay gave to England her first possession in the East Indies, and was the means of adding that mighty empire to the British crown.

Catharine is represented as a lovely brunette, with enchanting black eyes, and rich chestnut hair. Her learning was excellent, her disposition amiable, and her religion sincere and genuine. Her husband appeared very fond of her at first, but soon neglected her for the society of unprincipled and worthless women, who had before associated with him.

His mother, Henrietta Maria, was anxious for him to marry Catharine, and always esteemed her very highly. Soon after their marriage she visited them, and during her stay, he treated his wife with some affection and respect. Catharine bore the cruel neglect of the king with great patience. She was noted for her modest and unassuming manners, and for her economy and simple tastes; yet she had many shining qualities. She died December 31, 1705, at the age of sixty-seven years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

**BEAUTY.**—Physical beauty is the type of moral excellence. The beauty of earth foreshadows the loveliness of Heaven, and every fair and beautiful thing in this world is but the embodiment of His thoughts who is the perfection of beauty, and altogether lovely. Come, then, into harmony with Him. Lift up, as your soul's most earnest cry, the language of the Psalmist—"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;" and the prayer shall be answered.

THE completion and sum of repentance is a change of life: that austerity which fails to rectify affection, is vain and unavailing.

## "He was only a Private."

BY MARY A. GARY.

The beams of an October sunset fell softly over the grim, desolate marshes on the Arkansas shore, brightening up with a transitory gleam of beauty the almost interminable swamps, and darting like tiny arrows of burnished gold through the tops of the cypress and sycamore trees. The heavily-freighted steamboat, upward bound, that had all day been ploughing furrows in the turbid Mississippi, now left a golden wake behind it as it neared the shore.

It seemed a strange place for the landing of the gallant vessel—the low, wet ground, enlivened by ridges of yellow sand; the tall, skeleton-like trees; a landscape almost devoid of beauty; and, amidst it all, no sight or sound of human life.

"What are we going to land here for?"

The question was passed from one to another of the passengers, who were lounging idly in the cabins and on the upper decks, weary with the fatigues of travelling, and childishly impatient at delay.

"Nuffin in pertickler—only a sojer a gwine to be buried."

This reply of the black steward was the most explicit information to be had, and, as the boat touched the shore, many of the passengers, impelled by curiosity, followed the little group who left the quarter-deck, wending their way to one of the low ridges a few yards from the water's edge. Four men were bearing between them a body; the overcoat buttoned closely over the broad but pulseless chest, its bright buttons and soldierly blue contrasting so mockingly with the white, rigid features. He had died in the night—a poor wounded soldier returning homeward. On board of the boat were no materials out of which a coffin could be made, and so a soldier's blanket must become again a shroud—a coffin.

Half a dozen men, with spades and shovels, dug in the moist soil a shallow grave, while a stern, dark-featured man, the solitary mourner, stood a few feet distant from the group, his arms folded, and his features almost as pale and motionless as the still form beside him. He stood there perfectly passive, and seemingly indifferent to all around him, till the boat whistle aroused him from his stupor; then, bending down, tenderly as a woman he folded the blanket around the lifeless soldier boy, and, lifting him in his brawny arms, laid him in his shallow resting-place.

"There! Harry, I can't do no more for you, never. Poor boy! poor boy! It comes mighty hard on the old man to leave you so; but God knows more'n we poor creeters, and mebbe it's all right." Then as he walked with hasty strides towards the boat, his whole frame shaken with a great overpowering sob, he kept repeating to himself—"Poor Nettie! Harry's little Nettie! How can I tell her? How can I break her heart?"

A few minutes more and the steamboat had pushed from the land, leaving that lonely sleeper to be forgotten by all save one of the crowd of passengers that thronged its cabins and decks. A few minutes more, and the sun-arrows were gone from the sycamore trees, and the ash and cypress leaves, as the night wind swept through them, were wailing a soldier's requiem.

It must have been in plaintive tones, for that lone, neglected one had been "somebody's darling, somebody's pride." Soft fingers had fluttered through the masses of dark curls; soft hands rested lovingly on the broad, white brow; and a heart whose every pulsation was love to him would be crushed, almost broken, when that terrible news came home. God pity "somebody!"

"Why, father, you here alone?"

The tone was full of surprise, and the words quivered out from between the white lips of the speaker like a sob of despair. A man's form had darkened the door of that little cottage on an Iowa hillside, and Nettie Fielding had dropped the baby from her arms as she sprang, trembling, to his side.

"Tell me, is Harry—oh, no, don't say that he is dead!"

She shrieked out the words, and, as the old man in a choking voice echoed the last word, she fell, fainting, at his feet.

Kind neighbors gathered in the little room to minister to her comfort and try to restore her from that death-like swoon. Baby climbed up to where she was lying, and put its soft face down to hers, sticking its chubby fingers into the braids of golden brown hair. Little black-eyed Harry, the three-year-old pet, had got tired of playing with his picture blocks; he couldn't find his little bag of marbles, and Fido had carried off his ball, so he went to ask mamma to tell him "about papa in the army;" but when he saw the still, pale features, he went away crying, "Cos Hally's so tired, and mamma wont talk to her Hally one bit." He crawled under the table where Fido was asleep,

and burying his face in his checked apron, sobbed as if his little heart was bursting.

An hour later, the sun, that had all the morning been hiding in the clouds, came out bright and clear. One slanting ray stole under the edge of the table, resting on the wet, upturned face of the child, who had cried himself to sleep, with his head resting on Fido's shaggy neck.

A glimmer of golden beams fell upon the sweet, girlish features of Nettie, who lay awake, yet motionless—the face transparent in its pallor, the blue eyes with that dimmed and hazy look in them, which tells more plainly than words could do that life's hopes, its joys, its glory, are forever eclipsed. She almost wished to die in that hour's deep agony, and her spirit shrank fearfully back from the dark future stretching out before her and her orphaned children; but death comes not at the bidding of the will. Romance may write of broken hearts, yet in real life they are rare. Hearts may be crushed, mangled, rent, till every remnant of beauty is torn from them, yet they can still live on, *must* live, in spite of wish or will, carrying life's burdens, and bearing uncomplainingly its heritage of sorrow. And Nettie Fielding is only *one* out of that vast sisterhood of mourners in our land whose souls have been tried in the alembic of pain, that the dross might be expelled, and the pure gold of the immortal nature be unalloyed. "Earth must be rent before her gems are found," and the heart that affliction has purified has been strengthened to fulfil the higher duties of life. We clasp hands with you, oh! true and noble women, wherever you are, who have passed through this ordeal. The incense you have offered on your country's shrine has risen like a perfumed cloud to Heaven, and encircles the throne; and He who blessed the "widow's mite" has laid your gift away in the treasuries of eternity.

And over you, oh! lowly soldier, we would drop a tear—we would breathe a blessing. Unlaurelled and unknown, your name will have no inscription on Fame's temple. To those who saw you die you were "only a private," "nothing but a common soldier;" yet that death swept like a wave of desolation over one of Iowa's happiest homes.

Strangers might very soon forget the burial scene, summer suns and wintry storms may beat unheeded where he sleeps, yet to one loving, womanly heart there is on earth no other spot so hallowed as that lonely grave on the Arkansas shore.

And, perchance, in that book which the angels are writing, where every name is sacred to honor, patriotism, and truth, that unknown and unhonored one may be named by the side of an Ellsworth, a Lyons, a Winthrop, a Baker.

Until the resurrection morning, sleep, oh! brave departed, in peace!

GODFREY, ILL., April, 1864.

## Female Energy.

BY CARL.

It is a pity that females should ever be brought up in a helpless manner. It is a still greater pity, when they think it not respectable to be industrious; for then principles as well as habit have become perverted. They ought to feel that their endowments qualify them for activity, and their duty demands it. Our sex should begin while young to take an interest in the concerns of the family, and daily to do something for its comfort. They should come promptly and cheerfully to the aid of the mother in her cares. They should inform themselves of the yearly expenses of the household, and keep an accurate account of their own. Why should young girls be willing to be drones in the domestic hive? In some families of the highest respectability, the daughters supply by their own industry the resources of their own charity. This they do, not from necessity, but because it is pleasant to them that their gifts to the poor should be the fruit of their own earnings.

No female should consider herself educated until she is mistress of some employment or accomplishment, by which she might gain a livelihood, should she be reduced to the necessity of supporting herself. The ancient Jews had a proverb, "that whoever brought up a child without a trade, bound it apprentice to vice." Who can tell how soon they may be compelled to do something for their own maintenance? How many families, by unexpected reverses, are reduced from affluence to poverty. How pitiful and contemptible on such occasions to see females helpless, desponding, and embarrassing those whom it is their duty to cheer and aid.

The disposition to be active in various departments of usefulness ought to be encouraged in the young by those who have charge of their education. The office of a teacher is one of the most respectable and delightful to which they can aspire. To instruct others is beneficial to the mind; it

deepens the knowledge which it already possesses, and quickens it to acquire more. It is beneficial to the moral habits; it teaches self-control; it moves to set a good example. It improves the affection; for we love those whom we make wiser and better, and their gratitude is a sweet reward.

The work of education opens a broad field for female laborers. There they may both reap and confer benefits. If they do not wish to enter upon it as a business of life, it will be found a good preparation for the duties of any sphere to which future life may call them. Let those of the present generation distinguish themselves by energy in some useful employment. Indolence and effeminacy are peculiarly unfit for the daughters of a republic. Let them not shrink at the reverse of fortune, but view them as incitements to greater activity and higher virtue. It was a wise man who said, "Virtue, like a precious odor, is most fragrant when crushed," for prosperity doth better discover vice, but adversity doth better discover virtue. When those we love are in trouble, let us feel that we have a two-fold office—to cheer and to help them. And when we fail to do this, we forget our duty and violate the command of our Creator.

## Soul Communings.

BY ANNA ALDER.

Clasp me still closer, sister, in the gloaming,  
Encircle with thy loving, viewless arm;  
My soul, grown weary with its world-wide roaming,  
Yields it with joy unto the dreamy charm.  
Breathe out thy sweetest strains, till heavenward flying,  
Thought hails immortal joys, long sought in vain;  
Like summer air, through branching pine-tops sighing,  
Bursting like organ-strain, and slowly dying  
To ease my pain.

Charm from my forehead thence this beating anguish,  
With gentle passing of thy cool, white palm,  
The while thy sweet tones into comfort languish,  
And join with hosts above the evening psalm.  
Upon my eyelids, tired grown with weeping,  
Press thou warm kisses till my glad lips smile,  
And Night, with star-gemmed coronal, is heaping,  
Her misty dew-pearls, o'er the green earth sleeping,  
And stately pile.

Near half a score of years have fled me, laded  
With many disappointments, since the morn  
Like frost-work, from our yearning arms you faded—

A seraph, were to heavenly rapture born.  
I bore about my heavy load of sadness,  
Forgetting in my grief to look above,  
Until my brain was almost wild with madness,  
When thy soul near I recognized with gladness,  
And felt thy love.

The smile of friendship, at the sunrise cherished,  
Is lost forever when the pale Day flies,  
As flowers that in last winter's snow-drifts perished  
Are sought no more by hopeful, anxious eyes.  
And, like the whispering wind, forever fleeting,  
At times the sport of envy and of hate,  
The hopes that buoyed me with their gladsome greeting  
In morn of life, have left my heart-strings beating,  
Weary, to wait.

Oh, sister, will thy love endure forever—  
Affection be unchanged in that fair clime;  
And will not thy pure, angel-soul discover  
The ties that bind thee to a soul like mine?  
I feel thy fingers 'mong my ringlets playing,  
Thy shadowy arms around me closer prest,  
Thy soft-drawn breath upon my cheek is straying;  
I hear thy voice in quivering accents praying—  
"God, give her rest."

My spirit-sister, through the slow years, saddened,  
Like clouds that stretch athwart my roughened way,  
Strewn with sharp thorns, never by sunlight gladdened,  
And stained with blood where seeming roses lay,  
Thou'lt still be with me till the morn's appearing  
Will show earth's toils and sorrows past for me;  
My love-winged soul, Heaven's wondrous music hearing,  
Shall praise God with new-found song, the white Throne nearing,  
Sister, for thee.

ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

What means this tramp of armies  
Poured down from the North?  
Oh! Liberty and Justice  
Their legions send forth.  
The star-flag is flinging  
Its folds to the light;  
The trumpet is ringing  
"For God and the right!"



## LAY SERMONS.

### Practice vs. Preaching.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"Phillip."

That gentleman was following the abstruse speculations of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and lifted his eyes from his book reluctantly.

"Do you remember Z——?"

"You mean the famous lecturer and essayist," he said, interrogatingly.

"Yes"

"I remember him well. One who has once heard him would not be likely to forget him."

"I should think not. What a power the man possessed over his listeners. His speech caught them up to heaven, and dashed them down to earth, and whirled them hither and thither as the wind whirls autumn leaves."

"A singularly eloquent man."

"What grand, noble conceptions of life he had, and what a clear and perfect comprehension of its existing duties and relations! To my mind, tossed by doubts, and vexed with questionings, he seemed endowed with superhuman wisdom—a man of infinite understanding, of transcendent virtues, and inspired utterance. I thought him in very truth that which every human soul should be, a revelation from God. Tell me, Phillip, would not you have supposed him to be as superior to other men in every motive and act of his life as he assuredly was in higher intelligence and lofty perception?"

"I had drawn no inferences in the case. Yet, knowledge of human nature must disprove all such reasoning. Do you succeed in bringing your life upon a level with your conceptions of what life really and truly ought to be? Do I? Does any one? If that person exists who does or can, he is already fitted for companionship with angels. The highest idea I have of happiness, and a heavenly state, is power—dominion over self. Freed from the necessity of sinning—cut loose from the evil yoke-fellow of our souls, which, be it substance or shadow, forever drags us down to misery—given entire and perfect possession of ourselves, here upon earth, yea, in the very depths of hell we might build up heaven, and through the fires of the bottomless pit walk unscathed, as the light of the sun which falling into the loathsome dens of iniquity rests there uncontaminated."

"And even to such a state of freedom did I deem Z—— to have attained; or, at least, a nearer approximation to such a state than ever man attained before. I believed him the embodiment of goodness and truth—the living impersonation of those pure, high principles whose adoption and

practice he urged with a depth and fervor of language that seemed to speak the test of experience. It appeared absolutely impossible that one whose soul soared at will in such sublime regions of truth and light, could be guilty of a mean action, or an impure thought. Never, by any stretch of imagination could I think of him—the high, kingly one—as stooping to any form of sin, but always my mind pictured him as walking serenely the wilderness of life, like the Divine Example, unshaken by the sophistries of the Powers of Darkness, and untouched by the allurements and temptations of sense. Phillip, I could have worshipped that man, if faith had not warned me of a Greater."

"Like a woman, always making unto herself 'graven images,' and bowing down to forbidden gods. The subtle, etherialized essence of truth she cannot comprehend—a disembodied idea is without meaning to her; but clothe it in human form—filter it through the gross, corrupting channels of speech, throw it into a graceful gesture, let it flame from an eloquent eye, and lo! she will follow it to the ends of the earth."

"Which fact, if it be a fact, proves her faith in the divine nature of man, and consequently in the quality of reverence, her superiority to her brother, who believes that nothing good can exist in human kind, excepting it be in himself. I have hitherto held with Novalis, that 'there is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man;' but I have lately heard that which very nearly converts me to your belief, without the saving clause, however."

"Ah! What is that?"

"That Z——, the theorist and philosopher, and Z——, the man, are so utterly unlike as to be wholly unrecognizable as one and the same. That in his social and domestic relations he is tyrannical and overbearing; in his friendships, treacherous and inconsistent; in his transactions with men, unscrupulous and unjust, exulting with the littleness of a mean spirit in advantages gained over those too weak to defend themselves against his ungenerous exercise of power."

"May not the whole be the fabrication of some malicious enemy, rendered more complicated and unfavorable by many repetitions and additions?"

"No. I had my intelligence from so direct and reliable a source that, unhappily, no room is left to doubt its truth. So many of those trifling circumstances, which reveal the real quality of the man, were related to me by one who had been a witness of his daily life, and all of so unlovely a character that my soul grew sick, and I plead to hear no more. I have not only lost faith in him, but in myself likewise; for having been once so thoroughly

deceived, how can I again trust instinct to rule my judgments and direct my choice?"

Phillip shook off his listlessness, and spoke with sudden energy—

"Child, child, if your desires are pure, and for the truth, you may trust your instincts to the end. They have not deceived, and will not deceive you. The good within you will testify to good all-where. Your error, in this instance, was in giving personality to truth, in confounding light with the object through which light flowed, making them one and inseparable. The square of glass through which the sun shines, has no qualities of the sun. The high, steep banks between which the shining river, following the great instinct of nature, rushes to mingle with the greater, remain unchanged, save when some rising flood washes away a sharp, projecting point here, and hollows a deeper curve there. Do you think the lives of the prophets were holy and of immaculate whiteness? Did they not joy and grieve, and love and hate, and hope and despair as other men? Were they not weak, fallible, subject to the ills of mortality, and, in their uninspired moments, liable to go astray? But they had a strong, secret attraction for truth, and drew it magnetically, and threw it off in quivering lines of light that seemed to emanate from them, and in the eyes of men invested them with a kind of sacredness and Godlike power. They were not the light, but they bore witness of the light."

"I do not like your reasoning, Phillip. Is truth, then, only a great electric fluid floating in chaotic thought, bursting in airy bubbles of speech, but not convertible to deeds?"

"Truth is God, Teresa, and that which in some moments of our lives we all reach after with unutterable longing, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Now it is near, and now it is far, but ever the Infinite Spirit of Truth speaks to us, if we have ears to hear and souls to understand. It murmurs in the winds; its writing is in the sky and on the earth; it stirs us mightily from the lips of men; but the highest form of all in which it comes to us is loving and exalted human action. Mightiest of preachers is he who preaches in deed."

"And now, Philip, you have helped to strip the last laurel from my hero's brow!"

"How so? I say, greatest is he who instructs by act; but we are susceptible to truth in other forms, though none other impresses us so forcibly. So far from seeking to detract from the worth of Z's communications, I am endeavoring to convince you that the testimony of your soul with regard to them is to be accepted without doubt, and that you make the greatest of mistakes in rejecting the man's sentiments because his life does not bear a corresponding elevation. Is there not an alien force working in the natures of all of us, forever balking us in our endeavors to follow out our convictions of what is just and right and every way good for us to do? Most forcibly does Paul illustrate our condition in words which find an echo in every striving

soul. 'For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.' Or, more plainly, 'The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.' I incline to think that your informant misrepresented the character of Z——, not intentionally, of course, but through misapprehensions of his motives. There is often some missing link to our chain of evidence, which, if it might be found, would materially change our judgment of men. This I will assert with confidence, that his soul leaned strongly towards the truth, that his desires were towards goodness, though his practice, like that of most of us, may have been vile, and such as we and he must deeply regret."

"But do you think that any person should assume the character of a teacher who cannot, to a degree commensurate with his intelligence, control his own actions for good? If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall in the ditch?"

"We will be neither leaders nor led, Teresa, but feel out our own way, and so haply escape the ditch. Nevertheless, if a human soul, in a dream, in a vision, or in a whirlwind of sorrow, receive a divine message, in God's name let him communicate! We dwellers in dark dungeons must accept thankfully every ray of light, though it flow to us through a sewer."

"But one is apt to say, 'If he who derives light from its direct source does not profit by it, how can I through his transmission?'"

"One cheats one's-self of possible good by such reasoning. The first question of all should be, Is it the true light? Then, How is it convertible to my use? What error of mine does it detect? How shall it better my life? And to every one of these inquiries our souls, swept clear of delusion by the breath of earnest prayer, will make such answer as may be safely and entirely abided by. We are not to accept blindly every doctrine of men—are not, as the fervid disciple tells us, to believe every spirit, but are to 'try the spirits, whether they are of God.' Into this world of mixed good and evil we are not sent without instinct to judge between the two. As it seems to me, the man who addresses us from the closet or the rostrum is to be judged by the value of what he says without reference to his personal merit. With that we have nothing to do; it is his concern. No doubt he suffers enough from his inability to live up to his conceptions of truth. For the matter of that, we all do. But we will find, if we look well to it, that even the meanest have some suggestions for us, suggestions by which we may profit if we will. Evil as well as good holds, unconsciously, lessons for all living."

The most beautiful thing on earth is the human soul, for it is the soul that beams through the eyes. It is the mind and heart that is stamped upon the features. It is the spirit which gives expression to the face. And this which is most desirable, is most attainable.

# BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

## The Old Pump-Handle.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Here it stands, just on the corner of the street; and how natural it looks! The same dull red clay-color, washed of the rains and faded of the suns; and the old oak handle, worn with use and channelled and dented, hanging there like an arm shrivelled and palsied. How natural it all looks! And yet I, who stand here to-night, take hold of the old pump-handle with feelings crowding and hurrying through my soul that nothing else could awaken. The stars shine overhead, running their little golden streams here and there among the clouds; the mists lift and curl along the distant river like gray sails, and here I stand.

How easy this strong man's arm lifts the old pump-handle; and yet it must have been hard for her—for her, with her little thin blue arms, that I see now toiling, toiling away—the arms that are folded so still now.

There she lived, in the little row of old, dirty, low-roofed tenement houses, that were pulled down years ago to make room for the stately warehouses; and just yonder I lived, in the tall, bleak, rickety old dwelling, with its broken staircases and cracked windows, that stood where the lumber-yard does now. And I used to watch her every day as she came out of the house, in rain or shine, with her old black hood and her scanty dress, and the great water-pail that was almost as large as herself.

As in our dwellings there was little to choose, so I think there was as little in our lives. Bare, squalid, crushing poverty loomed over both, and the ignorance and misery and hardness that comes of it.

What a childhood we both had—defrauded, dark, wretched on every hand. And for me—I shudder to think what I was then—standing on the borders of my eleventh year, soured, coarse, ignorant, with hardly a hope in the world, my life and associations—laugh! I will not go back into that time! I took little interest in anybody or anything at that time; but somehow that small, shivering, pitiful figure, with the great water-pail, did awaken in me a sort of curiosity and sympathy, as I watched it going back and forth every day—back and forth.

One morning I saw it as usual, after a heavy rain, and a fierce cold that followed and froze the water on the sidewalks and made them slippery as glass. How carefully she picked her way over the stones, which lay in their crystal sheathing of ice. She went down hard twice, and must have bruised herself sorely, I am certain; but then she was used to all sorts of "hard knocks" in a world that had been cruel on her from her birth. So she picked

up the water-pail which had fallen out of her hands and slipped painfully along.

At last she reached the pump, and grasped the handle, but that too was coated with ice. It slipped out of the small hand every time she took hold of it, and finally she stood still, looking at it with a wan, helpless, despairing look, that went to my heart—mine, as I stood watching by the window. An impulse took me suddenly, and I rushed down the rickety stairs, and out of the house, and over to the pump.

"Little girl," I said, "wont you let me fill your pail? The handle is too slippery for you."

What a look of surprise and pleasure kindled the little, tired, wan, pinched face! She had not been used to kind speeches or helpful deeds, that was evident. What an inner light came into the sorrowful blue eyes, and thanked me as I seized the handle, and in a moment the thick stream of water was dancing and splashing out of the old pump.

Would you believe it? I met my fate and my angel there.

When it was done, she looked at me a moment with a pleased wistfulness. Something fluttered up to her face.

"Aint you very good?" she asked.

"Oh, no, I'm not a bit good," I answered, honestly, and for the first time in my life I wished that I was.

"Yes, but I think you be," answered the girl, with an eager positiveness. "I'm sure you be, and you'll make a good man one of these days."

The tears swelled into my eyes. All the dull pain, and sullenness, and dumb longing at my heart, seemed suddenly to pass away. I resolved at that hour that I would make good that child's prophecy; I would be a man, come what might; I would struggle and fight my way out of the thick hedge of circumstances that walled me in on all sides. My soul rose in me exultant; my heart throbbed; the blood tingled at the ends of my fingers.

I walked home with the little girl that morning. I learned something of her life, and she something of mine; and afterwards we had many meetings at this old pump. Mercy Bray was her name. It may not be the prettiest name in the world, but it seems so to me.

The years have slipped away since then. I am a young man now. Through thick and through thin I held on to my purpose. I fought my way step by step out of that thick hedge of poverty and misery, that walled me round and darkened over my boyhood. I went to sea, and came back more than once or twice, and still I carried her poor little pale face, her shivering form as it stood at the old pump, in my thoughts; and I told her that as she came up into her teens—that, and a great deal

more—little Mercy Bray; and I thank God, oh! I thank Him with unutterable joy and gratitude, that through me her last days were better than her first—little Mercy Bray!

And to-night I am back again. Step by step I have risen, until now I am first mate of the vessel that I entered as cabin boy. And here stands the old pump, and the mists rise and curl and shake back and forth in the wind, and the stars smile overhead.

Does Mercy know, I wonder, that I am standing here to-night for her sake, with my fingers grasping the old pump-handle?

The little obitied, pinched figure lies paler and more pinched still among the cool shadows and under the soft grasses of Greenwood. There is a little headstone there, and on it is engraved the name which is the sweetest name in the wide world to me, and that I carry close over all the world. Little tired hands, you have your rest now; you have dropped forever "The Old Pump Handle."

## TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

As the season advances, symptoms of diminution in two distinct articles of ladies' attire make themselves apparent. Crinolines are decidedly growing "beautifully less," and the curtains and crowns of bonnets are not only growing less, but there is a chance of their disappearing altogether from our sight. Among the French ladies, this diminution in the circumference of crinoline has been very striking—one has been almost tempted to hazard a guess that in many cases the steels, or other artful contrivances whereby amplitude of skirt is achieved, have been dispensed with altogether. But on closer inspection, this does not prove to be the case. Every effort now tends to make the figure look as slim as possible round the hips, and then to cause a gradual increase until the edge of the skirt is reached. This swell of drapery must be very gentle, and when we see it well managed, as we are happy to say is now often the case, we wonder and are lost in amazement at the fact of our having worn for so long a period such preposterous skirts, in too many instances composed of a graduated series of hard ridges. Many times during the last nine years—for has not that period elapsed since we began to encase ourselves in horseshair, preparatory to the more rigid steels, watch-spring though they be—yes, many times during these nine years has the cry been raised that crinolines were "going out." Hitherto the cry has been a false one; but we may say now, without fear of contradiction, not that crinolines are going out, but that among those who aspire to be well dressed, and in some measure to be looked upon as authorities upon the subject of fashion, the crinolines for outdoor wear are certainly much smaller. In the house no palpable alteration has taken place; the circles of steel are as expansive as ever, although round the top of the petticoat every precaution is taken not to increase the figure the eighth of an inch.

The bonnets without curtains are certainly gaining ground much more speedily than any other essential alteration in the form of out-door head-gear for some time past. It is the present style of dressing or arranging the hair which has brought on this

reformation; and there is but little variation in the manner of dressing the hair now-a-days. In the front there are three partings made, one in the centre and one at each side, dividing the hair into four equal parts. The upper bandeau at each side of the centre parting is rolled forward over a frizette, and the second is turned back from the temples, thus displaying what is most frequently a very pretty part of the face. A large frizette is then placed at the back of the head, the hair combed smoothly over, and the ends neatly tucked under it; an invisible net is placed at the top of this mass of hair, and one and sometimes two bands of a bright-colored ribbon are bound round the head, and terminate at either the left side or summit with one or two bows, as taste may dictate. These bows may be made of either silk or velvet. We should advise even those ladies who possess a sufficient quantity of natural hair to allow them to follow the prevailing fashion without having recourse to artificial additions, by all means to use frizettes, for if they friz their own hair underneath so as to make it stand up and out sufficiently to satisfy this prevailing mode, they will assuredly, when combing it out at night, find, with even the tenderest touch and greatest care, large quantities left in the comb and brush; it is for this reason that many of the leading hairdressers advise the use of frizettes—not for the sake of sale and profit, but quite as much for the preservation of their customers' hair. But to return to the bonnets; it is, as we said before, this mass of hair at the back which has induced the Parisian milliners to suppress the frill lined with stiff net, and hitherto called "a curtain."

So much for bonnets, and now let us turn our attention to dresses. The white taffetas, with colored hair stripes over them, of which we wrote in our last notice, are decidedly the favorite style for morning concerts and afternoon drives. It is the trimming which imparts style to these silks, and renders them sufficiently dressy for such reunions. They are cut out round the edge of the skirt in very wide scollops, which are bound with black velvet, and then a black velvet rosette is



placed in the centre of each scollop; sometimes a bow with ends is placed at each breadth of the skirt, as a variety, instead of the rosette; but in the latter case the bow is sewn flat on the skirt, and both loops and ends are embroidered with jet bugles. The white alpacas are next in favor, and of these the dress, paletôt and petticoat are all cut from the same piece. The bodice is made frequently with the long coat basques, which are trimmed round with black gimp, and ornamented with two black gimp ornaments at the waist. White piqués are also made in a similar manner, and are braided with black; but white alpacas are also trimmed more frequently with colors, and the following arrangement will produce a good effect. Three rows of sky-blue ribbon, about one inch and a half wide, are carried round the skirt, similar rows are carried up the front breadth as far as the waist; a wide blue sash is fastened at the back, with two falling loops. The bodice is trimmed with blue ribbons, which commence at the throat, are carried to the centre of the bodice, where they describe a square pelerine. A short circular cape, lined with blue, and trimmed with three rows of blue ribbon, and a full blue ruche at the edge, completes the dress.

Skirts scolloped out round the edge in small deep scollops are "all the rage" at the present moment.

The scollops are bound with a double binding of taffetas to match the material of the dress. If the dress is green and blue plaid, for example, one scollop is bound with blue and the next with green taffetas. But these bindings are inconvenient, inasmuch as they wear out quickly. Many ladies who study economy replace the taffetas binding with one made of silk braid, and under this they sew a worsted braid, which is scarcely perceptible on the outside. This silk braid produces the same effect as the taffetas binding, and is much more durable. These scolloped out skirts are particularly pretty when looped up over the petticoat. In white alpaca, the scollop trimmed with narrow black guipure edging laid upon not at the extreme edge of the scollop, has a charming effect. I should remark that scollops answer better than vandyke, as the latter are apt to roll up at the edges, consequently the petticoat soon looks shabby.

If the petticoat matches the dress, which is always the case with self-colored materials, the scolloped edge is preferable, but if the contrary is the case, then a straight hem is better.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF WOMEN. By Madame D'Hérincourt. Translated from the Paris Edition. New York: Carleton.

This work has excited considerable interest in the literary world, from the fact of its interdiction in France upon its first appearance; although, in consequence of a personal application of the authoress to the Emperor, it was subsequently allowed free circulation. The principal object of the book seems to be deprecate the ideas concerning women set forth by Michelet, Proudhon and others, the writer addressing herself in the sprightly style of the French woman to each of her opponents in turn, putting her arguments with pointed directness, interlarding all with spicy sarcasm, and oft-times personal allusions, which render the work always entertaining, frequently very amusing.

Our Madame attacks Michelet first, whose recent works on Love (*L'Amour*) and Woman (*La Femme*) are doubtless well remembered, and asserts that woman is not as he would represent her—"a weak, inferior creature, a perpetual invalid, who should be shut up in a gynæceum with a dairy maid, as fit company only for chickens and turkeys"—but that she is the equal of man in every respect—physically, mentally, and morally—his capable adviser, and not his sickly pet—his companion, and not his slave. So much for Michelet.

Waxing warm with her subject, she enters into real and imaginary controversies with Proudhon, Comte, Legouvé, De Girardin, and various social reform societies, using her wit against her foes where argument will not at once prevail, and with triumphant flourishes at the last establishing three facts, viz.:—First, That woman, simply as an animal creation, is superior to man in that she breathes from the higher respiratory organs. Second, That she is morally superior from her keener perceptions, her intuitions, her natural reverence; and, Third, That she is mentally his equal, in that the cerebral mass is proportionately the same in both male and female. Hence, she should take her place by him in all the public and private enterprises; in the halls of legislation; at the ballot-box; in the development of the arts and sciences; and should, above all, be granted equal rights in marriage. There is a strong appeal to the women of this century to throw off the servitude which enchains them, to make an insurrection, and realize at once that Utopia of the "strong-minded," that ridiculed "petticoat government" of unbelieving mankind.

On the whole, the work will prove to the women of America (who as a class feel no especial discontent with their present condition), and in fact to the sex generally, rather as an object of curiosity than as a guide for future action in the cultivation of

feminine graces and the attainment of female excellence. If it is really true that women are abused, time, the great conservator, has the problem of relief in his hands, and will work it all right at last. In the meantime, the great majority of the fair sex will turn from D'Héricourt's vigorous argument to Michelet's tender, poetic fancies, however false they may be, and our authoress will be left to deplore the weakness of her sex, exclaiming, mayhap, with Festus—

"It is a folly to tell women truth,  
They would rather live on lies, so they be sweet."

**HOTSPUR.** A Novel, By Mansfield T. Walworth. New York: *Carlton*.

A very exciting story, and emphatically one of that class deprecated in school-girl compositions as calculated to give "false views of life." Young ladies with violet eyes and golden hair, who have nothing to do but walk in dewy gardens and reject despairing lovers, are rare specimens of womanhood in these days, and not altogether natural.

The third chapter introduces a murder, the mystery of which is not cleared up until the very last; the hero, a dashing young fellow, being for four years suspected as the perpetrator of the deed. The book has some excellent points. A race on horse-back for a silver cup, and an amusing scene at a sewing society, are admirably portrayed.

**SEMONS.** By the late Rev. F. N. Robertson. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

This is a volume which has met with greater favor on the other side of the Atlantic than any similar work which has been published for many years. The notices in the leading English journals are most flattering. We quote from *Blackwood's Magazine*:—

"Here is a book which has gone through as great a number of editions as the most popular novel. A fine, tender and lofty mind, full of thoughtfulness, full of devotion, has herein left his legacy to his country. It is not with the action of a Demosthenes, with outstretched arms and countenance of flame, that he presses his gospel upon his audience. On the contrary, when we read those calm and lofty utterances, this preacher seems seated, like his Master, with the multitude palpitating round, but no agitation or passion in his own thoughtful, contemplative breast. It is pure teaching, so far as that ever can be administered to a popular audience, which is offered to us in these volumes."

**THE SOLDIER-BOY.** Boston: *Lee & Shepard*.

Another capital book for the boys, from the pen of the young people's favorite author, Oliver Optic.

**THE CHAPLAINS AND CLERGY OF THE REVOLUTION.** By Headley. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

Here we have almost the first book which has

done complete justice to that great motive power during the Revolutionary War—the pulpit. As an entertaining writer, Headley has few superiors in this country, and the present subject is treated in his usual happy and felicitous style.

**THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF OUR FATHERS.** By Virginia F. Townsend. New York: *John Bradburn*. Price \$1.50.

We are glad to see Miss Townsend's beautiful story in so neat and attractive a form. Its publication is timely, and the sale cannot help being large. The story, which is one of the author's freshest productions, is laid in Revolutionary times, and the struggles, sacrifices, hopes, fears, trials and triumphs of that period are pictured with a living power that enchains the reader. It is well for us to go back and contrast our first struggle for freedom with that greater one in the stern agonies of which we are now so fiercely wrestling. We find many parallels, and much to inspire confidence.

**THE CAMERA AND THE PENCIL; OR, The Heliographic Art in all its Various Branches; its History in Europe and the United States.** Two vols. By M. A. Root. Philadelphia: *J. E. Lippincott & Co.*

This, we believe, is the first Heliographic Work from an American source which has assumed to be anything more than a mere Manual of Practice. This essays to be something other and deeper, and to present the theory, as well as the practice, of sun-linings. Not this alone, but to discuss, to some extent, the principles lying at the basis of the Fine Arts generally. As these are substantially the same which underlies Photography, the first volume of this work, which treats of the common grounds of the several arts, will be found interesting and instructive to artists of every description. Nor less will all readers of intelligence and taste be alike entertained and informed by such matter as is contained in the chapters on the "Sunbeam" and the "Harmony of Colors;" in the four chapters on "Expression," as related to Art; in the three chapters of extracts from the most eminent of artists and art-critics, ancient and modern; and in the chapter on the "Microscope." An amount of information is here brought together which it would take many volumes to furnish, and which has been declared to be worth the price of the whole book.

We have referred to these chapters merely as samples—the best sample of the work, had we room, would be the Tables of Contents and the Indexes of the two volumes. The second volume is mainly practical, containing all formulas and special directions required by the professional or amateur photographer for his use.

The writer, from first to last, takes the ground that sun-painting is one of the Fine Arts, and, like painting, sculpture, &c., demand genius and culture for attaining eminence therein.

The style of the book is lucid, and with frequent passages of graphic force and beauty. One of our first scientific and literary men said of the work

that it would be "not only a standard authority for the profession, but, besides, a credit to our country."

We will conclude with a brief extract:—

"If wise design and benignant use be visible everywhere in creation, not less universal and perceptible are the forms and hues of beauty. How prodigally, indeed, is that beauty poured out over earth and sky! And not alone, either, where man may take cognizance thereof. In the very heart of sylvan wilds, where human foot never trod, countless flower-tribes, lovely and fragrant enough for a seraph's wreath, bloom and perish, it might seem, in vain. Why, too, was the interior of the muscle's shell painted with the rainbow's matchless hues, only to lie on the dark bed of ocean, 'a thousand fathoms down?' What numeration could reckon the kindred instances where, on bird, fishes and insects, are

lavished beauties of shape and tint beyond the reach of human art, and yet with no discernible end to be subserved thereby?

"Is it, then, presumption to suppose that such beauty exists because its Author delights in its creation? Why may we not believe that all this loveliness and grace are not

— 'born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,'

but that their Creator *enjoys* the contemplation of these exquisite works of his hands?

"The artist, therefore, who by pencil or chisel, by pen or voice, brings before us shapes of beauty or grandeur, what does he but co-operate with the great Proto-Artist, and in his humble measure participate in His work of creation?"

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### MATCH-MAKING.

There are times when some new, large sense of responsibility seems to dawn upon me, and a consciousness of insufficiency and inadequateness naturally follows in its train.

Dear reader, does not this magazine come to you christened with the sweetest name this side of Heaven? That word "Home," embodies all that is best, and dearest, and happiest in this world! All warmth, and joy, and rest, and shelter, are in it. And what are outside of it? All that is cold, and hard, and desolate in life.

"Home!" that soft, sliding little monosyllable, has such meaning and melody in it! It is the fair, tabernacle pitched in the wilderness—it is the cool, leaping fountain, in the hot, dry desert; it is the tree, all whose leaves quiver with joy, and amidst whose branches the birds sing, and the winds laugh, and whose boughs cast their broad, cooling shadows over the sandy highways. No, it is something beyond and better than all these; Home is the earthly symbol of *Heaven*!

And to address one's self to these, with all their mysteries, joy and sorrow—to seek to strike those hidden chords, which breathe music or discord into every home where one's words enter, is something that *should* weigh on heart and soul at times with a fitting sense of responsibility.

And this thought has so closely associated itself with the matter in hand, that I have made one a sort of introduction or stepping-stone to the other, fearing, too, that my words might do harm—that some kindly, conscientious soul, recalling them sometime, and shrinking from the consequences, might eschew the responsibility, and fail to bring to knowledge of each other two hearts who thereafter might go unmated through life.

But for the large class of people that is never so happy as when attending to its neighbor's business, for the typical, busy, meddling "match-makers," I have no scruples of the kind which I have mentioned, and almost as little hope that any words of mine will reach, or allay the mischiefs which they will continue to consummate. What to them is the weal or woe at stake—the possibility of a heart crushed—the long wear and tear of years of uncongenial union, in comparison with the delight of indulging their meddlesome proclivities?

Some people's activity in this direction seems to amount to actual monomania. If the miseries which they wrought recoiled simply on themselves, it would not be so bad; but it is one of the dark providences of this life, that the innocent must suffer for the guilty.

And what terrible results unfold themselves from this instinct of "match-making." Young girls, ignorant of themselves and of the world, are oftenest the victims of this propensity in the older and stronger of their sex.

Their fancies pleased, their vanity stimulated, in a flutter of excitement and pleasure, they go to the altar, and take upon their thoughtless girlhood their solemn, irrevocable vows of wifehood.

And then comes the awakening—sometimes swift—sometimes slow. There is no help for it now. "Until death do you part," read the solemn covenant within which both must walk to the grave.

Alas! for these victims of match-makers! Among the many sad things in this world, there are very few sadder than a delicate, sensitive, naturally refined woman, bound to a hard, coarse, clownish husband.

And who does not know such wives and such

husbands? Mistake here is so fatal, because it cannot be remedied? Who does not know women with health broken, with heart crushed and hope gone, looking off to the grave only for deliverance and rest? And how often do you hear the explanation of all this—"I was so young, and then it was all managed by others."

And so another young life is wrecked, and another woman must gird her frail strength, and bear with what grace of patience and silent endurance she can, her burden, until death shall part her from it.

And yet, on the other hand, these notable "match-makers" are very likely among the kindest-natured, best-intentioned people in the world. They like to bring together two persons who seem admirably adapted to each other, although this can never be predicated of two souls of which we have only that superficial knowledge which pleasant acquaintance affords.

Then it is marvellously agreeable to watch the progress of a courtship, and to have a hand in all its charming little mysteries.

There is a pretty little breezy stir and bustle about a wedding which is always delightful, and it stimulates one's approbateness agreeably to reflect that a little or a good deal of shrewd tact and management have accomplished it all, and made two people blessed and happy for life.

Ah, "there's the rub!" If things were always just what they seemed—always wore the "couleur de rose" they do at the marriage altar. But the hard strain and the sharp tussle of life lie beyond, and if there are not some deep affinities—although I am almost afraid of this term—in taste, in sentiment, in the very foundation of their natures, how the tie which binds two souls will rasp, and embitter, and blight one's whole life.

It is true that beyond happiness may lie duties which must be taken up and lived. An uncongenial marriage, with its long heroisms of self-denial and endurance, makes many a woman meeter for Heaven than the tenderest sympathy and the sweetest solicitude about her life would have done, and here this dark side of life's picture catches the light from eternity, as all the loss and pain do, if we will turn them there, and in that light only can we leave it.

V. F. T.

#### "EVERYBODY'S BEST."

"Take everybody at their best, and hold them there."

If our memory has not preserved the quaint words of this paragraph, we have its spirit, and its sound truth and good sense struck us very forcibly the other day.

How much smoother and easier we might get on with ourselves and others by following the advice rolled up in these words. We have—you, reader, and I, and everybody else—our angles and crochets, our weaknesses, and failings, and faults,

which may make ourselves and some other folk dreadfully uncomfortable.

Some people seem to have an unfortunate faculty of always bringing these to the surface. They are, either from some perversity of head or heart, always running against the whims and weaknesses of their fellow beings, and eliminating discord and disturbance.

Now it is a great deal better to avoid all these things. It is better on the low ground of expediency and comfort. Just slip by, and go round the oddities, the irritabilities, the suspicions, the obstinacies of people, as far as you can. They in their turn will have to do it for you; for thus far the poet's appeal has not been answered, and no beneficent Power has

"The giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us."

Try to find "everybody's best"—the soft, kindly, generous side. A great many people inherit their moral and mental twist, and it's hard to untie these hereditary knots. They don't see them, and although to others' eyes they crop out as plain as daylight, it's best for all of us to shut our eyes to them, as we do over a good many things beside. "Every road has its own rut." Every character has its foibles, to go no deeper, and it is always pleasant to hear a person say—"He or she has their peculiarities; but then, so have I—so has everybody."

There is sound philosophy at the bottom of this, if there isn't something better and higher still.

V. F. T.

#### CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

I remember hearing, when I was a little girl, a story that stirred my childish spirit into a white heat of indignation. It does now, whenever I recall it.

The story was that of a little boy who had been promised a journey to a city some hundreds of miles away—a journey by land and water, about which his young imagination must have flowered and festooned itself by night and by day, in all sorts of wonderful dreams and visions!

Something interposed—I cannot tell what or whether it might have been avoided, to prevent the child's taking this journey, and the father remarked, "that he was glad of it! Everybody had to bear troubles and disappointments in this life and the sooner children had their share of these, and learned to bear them, the better."

Who this man was I never knew. One thing is certain, I hated him from that hour, and it is very doubtful whether I shall ever be good enough to get over doing so. The hardness, the cruelty, the injustice which inhered in this speech, roused in my childish heart all the keen sense of wrong and outrage which it does now. How I pitied the son of that father. All those pretty dreams, those



glowing visions, those bounding hopes gone to nothing!

How that boy had carried the thought of this journey to bed at night, and woke up with it in the morning; how he had hugged it all day, and tossed it up, and turned it round, and shaken it out, and folded it close in that little boy-soul of his! And now where was it? He may have had heavier losses and harder burdens to carry in the future, but that one must have left its scar upon his soul for all time.

Alas, and doubly alas! There are many parents with as little comprehension of, and sympathy with their children's needs as this boy's father. What would any of us think of that parent who would place his child's arm in a vice, and if, while the little thing was writhing with the cramp and pain, some pitying voice should cry out, "Can't that child's arm be released?"

"Oh, yes," answers the father or mother, complacently, "but then it will have a great deal of pain and suffering to endure in this life, and I am trying to teach it to get used to it."

Such a parent would deserve to go either to the State prison or the mad-house without a question. And yet how many parents are there who, in the mental and moral culture of their children, pursue a course hardly wiser or kinder than the one just illustrated! How many harsh, soured men, how many peevish, fretful women are made this, because of their darkened, crippled childhood. It is terrible to think of.

There are parents who seem, let us hope, for charity's sake, that it is out of some defect of head, rather than malice of heart, to take a real pleasure in overshadowing and thwarting their children's lives. As if the trouble wouldn't come soon enough—heavy enough! As if the morning hours did not hurry on to the heat and burden of the noon, and drink up the early dews and the cool sweetness of the dawn.

It is a shame and a sin to cheat childhood of its right to freedom and gladness, to hang darkling over the dear spring-time with the chill and shadows that belong to middle life; to forestall the sorrow, and grief, and care which await it a little later. Let the little children have, then, their free, hearty, rollicking boyhood—their merry, sunny, loving girlhood; indulge their pretty little busy fancies and plans—when you can. Be sure their manhood will not be less sturdy, their womanhood not less true and tender, because of these things. I am not pleading for that weak indulgence, that injudicious fondness which errs, perhaps, farther on the other side.

A childhood that is allowed to run rampant, without restraint or discipline of any kind, that has no practical knowledge of self-sacrifice or self-repression, is perhaps in more danger in the strain and stress of life than one who is brought up with undue severity, and it is said that our national de-

clension in this particular, is not towards the latter evil.

No doubt this is in many respects true. "Young America" is a terribly conceited youth, bold and boastful, and puffed up with all manner of vanities, which the years will be likely to take out of him, somewhat, as the last ones have been doing for his fathers.

But for the little children—do not let the sadness and weight of middle life bear down upon them. Let the blossoming days open in the light of pleasant faces and loving words. Do not cramp and chill the little souls which carry in them such vast possibilities. Let the sap run and throb joyfully in all the young boughs. What ripeness and richness it may hold for the mellow autumn you cannot tell.

But the children's life is near the sunrising, and yours leans towards, or away from its meridian. By so much is theirs better than yours. The burden and the strife lie in wait for them a little way off. Let them have their toys and training days, their frolics and festivals; the dear delights which are their birthright.

The time when drums and dolls enchant does not last long. Let them have their little day. Let it carry none of your longer shadows, but rather say, with the sad tenderness of the poet—

"Oh, little feet that through long years  
Must wander on through hope and fears,  
I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your load."

V. F. T.

#### FANCY WORK.—WHITTLING.

Ever since that unlucky summer's day when Satan found "some mischief" for the idle hands of our old grandmother Eve, and forced her to seek employment for the sinning members in the embroidery of aprons in the fig-leaf pattern, it seems always to have been the custom of the fair sex, to prevent further catastrophe, and divert leisure hours with various kinds of fancy-work. For ages female ingenuity has been taxed to the utmost to invent new designs which shall vary such occupation, and prevent it from becoming tiresome. First came embroidery, of which the Bible speaks among its earliest records, leading us to suppose that the fantastic creations of the needle were very familiar to the dark-eyed maidens of those primitive days; nor is it perhaps idle to suppose that the olive-browed Sarah or Rebecca, during idle hours, employed her dainty fingers in the preparation of little articles for the adornment of her person, or which, added to her dowry, should favorably recommend her to the nice discrimination of some future wife-seeking Abraham or Isaac. Undoubtedly the fair daughters of Israel excelled in this domestic accomplishment, since later we find Deborah, the Prophetess, in her song of exultation imagining the wife of Sisera awaiting the tri-

umphant return of her lord, and anticipating the rich treasures of needle-work which he should bring back among his trophies—"meet for the necks of them that take the spoil." That throughout the East in the centuries long gone by this art attained a wonderful degree of perfection, is proven by the fact that occasional relics are still preserved, which for firmness of texture and beauty of coloring are rarely equalled in these days. Modern history shows embroidery to have been a favorite diversion of royalty for many hundred years, and of their proficiency sufficient evidence is found in the still beautiful hangings of Matilda Flanders, and the more recent relics of Mary Queen of Scots and other sovereigns of England and France.

This passion for embroidery has always been a kind of epidemic, and governed by fashion, has raged periodically since the world began. On its last appearance the infection spread all over the female wardrobe, from bonnet to stockings, and attained its final agony on coarse muslin petticoats whence it died ingloriously, and left the fair sex to take up the puzzling problem whether it were not possible through the instrumentality of crochet and knitting needles to create "all things needful here below" of saphyr worsteds. This question has been, during the past five years, satisfactorily demonstrated in the affirmative, but the bloom of gayly colored wools is fading now beneath the glory of a new sun which has arisen upon the field of fancy-work. Tidies and Afghans reached their culminating point during the late fairs, upon which they seemed to have been showered like sparks from a rocket, and are now melting into insignificance; chair-covers in artistic landscapes, comprising violet painted houses, scarlet lakes, and crimson trees, no longer adorn our parlors. Zoological sofa cushions, representing sky-blue cats, and pea-green poodles on patches of purple mud, exhibiting physical contortions which would induce fits in the nervously inclined, are divested of their former charms, for the pen-knife has usurped the place of the needle, mahogany and walnut have superseded canvas, and the pet amusement of the drawing-room is—whittling. Holding in her lap a little basket to catch the falling chips, the fair maiden with a persistency worthy her Yankee occupation pursues this new employment. The pattern is traced with a pencil upon the wood, and under the skilful digits, the rough material develops with magical swiftness into silk-winders, paper cutters, photograph stands, tiny work-boxes, and numerous other little articles of household convenience and adornment.

In connection with this subject we have to record a startling revolution which seems to have taken place in the female tastes. The delicate nose, which for centuries has been much too sensitive an organ to endure the slightest odor of tobacco, and the tender heart, conscientiously opposed to the use of the noxious weed, have become suddenly quite

reconciled to fragrant Havanas, not for their own sakes, but because the wood of the cigar-box is a favorite material for carving. It cuts easily, and when varnished has a very handsome color. All the cigar-boxes are promised to the greedy whittlers long ere their contents are reduced to ashes, and it is often very entertaining to witness the frequent skirmishing and the strategy employed in securing these valuable prizes.

After directly appropriating without a question such contraband property of this description as may belong to father or brother, and coaxing the same from willing cousins, pretty Dulcinea commences a foraging attack upon the various young gentlemen of her acquaintance. With skilful approaches she feints a passion for cigar smoke. Enveloped in its misty wreaths, a careful reconnaissance determines how the victim obtains his supplies, whether by the quantity in the coveted boxes, or at the corner grocery as occasion requires, and satisfactory information being obtained, a few well directed rounds of the feminine artillery are sufficient to bring the besieged to terms and secure an unconditional surrender.

A New England poet has descanted at length upon—


"The mysteries of that magic tool—  
The pocket knife,"

and with glowing enthusiasm depicts the wonder of its achievements, tracing its influence upon the American nation from the Yankee school boy, who sets up a miniature water-wheel in the gutter after a summer shower, to the great mechanical inventions which are revolutionizing the world. But even the "rapt vision" of the poet failed to discern the possible glories of this remarkable instrument, since the lifted veil of the future did not reveal to him the picture of woman with all her energy and inquisitiveness bent to this work, and with her nimble fingers demonstrating to incredulous mankind that in this department "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy."

M. E. R.

#### INNOVATIONS IN DRESS.

Truly the ladies are becoming shockingly masculine in their present style of dress. The hat, the coat, the dickey, the neck-tie, the vest have been appropriated, to which is now added (as a completion of the jaunty costume of the looped-up skirt and open jacket) a dainty cane. The fashion plate in this number of the Magazine shows the effect of this unique addition to the ladies toilette.

 A severe illness of several weeks, will account for the absence of anything from the pen of the Editor in this number. Next month he hopes to be in communication with the readers of the Home Magazine as usual.

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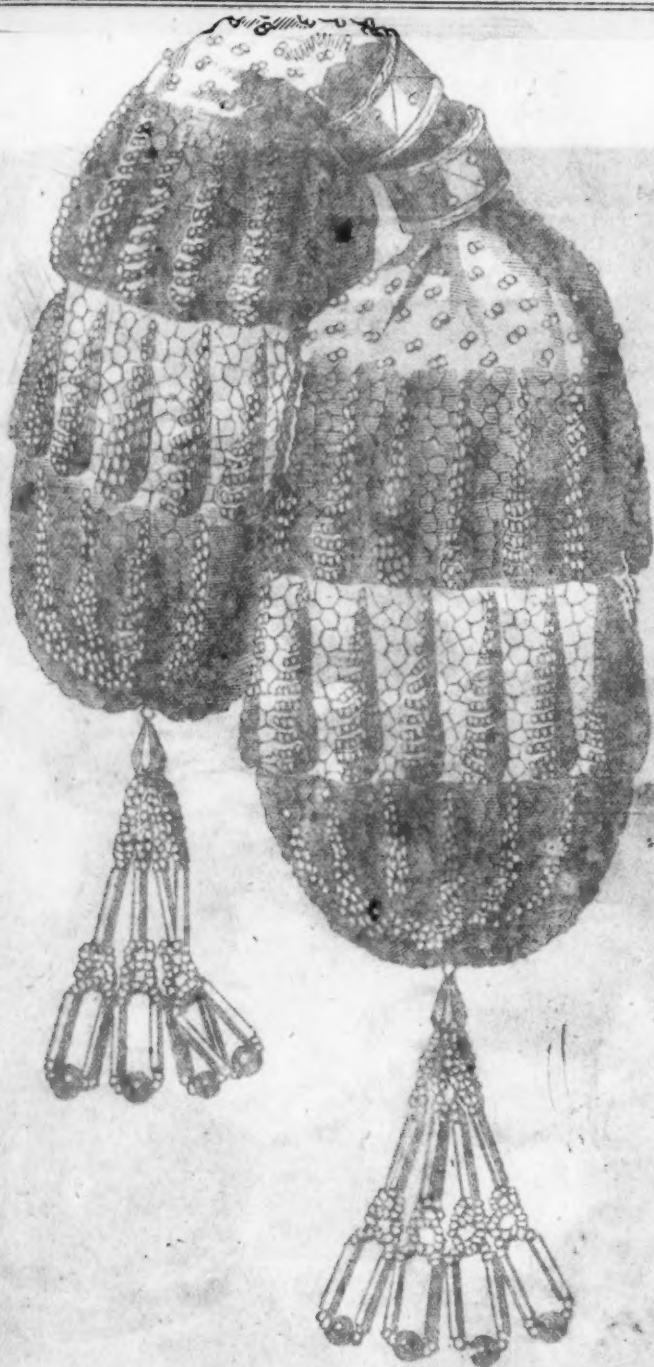
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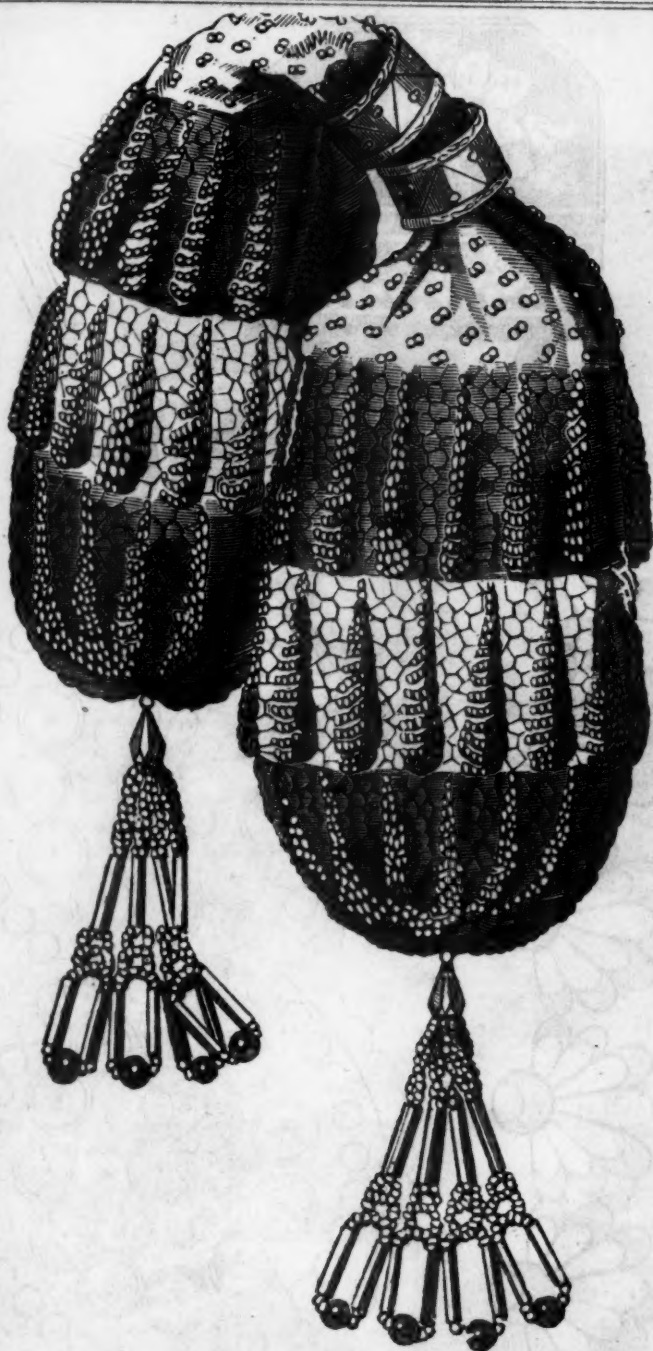






LADY'S PURSE. See page 191.





LADY'S PURSE. See page 191.

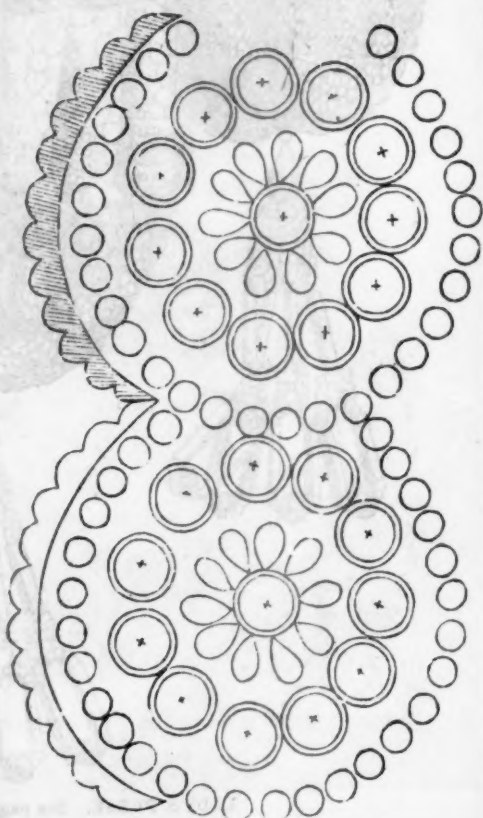


CROCHET TIDY.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.

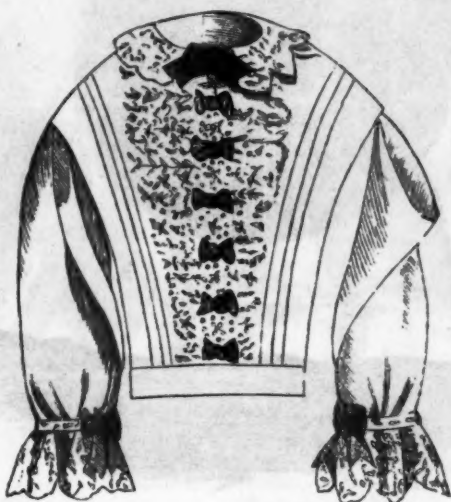
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.







MORNING CAP.



EMBROIDERED CHEMIZETTE AND SLEEVES.

Miranda  
NAME FOR MARKING.



**FALL FASHION.**

The Mantilla has again become a favorite with the ladies. The materia and ornaments vary with the taste of the wearers.



JACKET OF SILK OR PIQUE

